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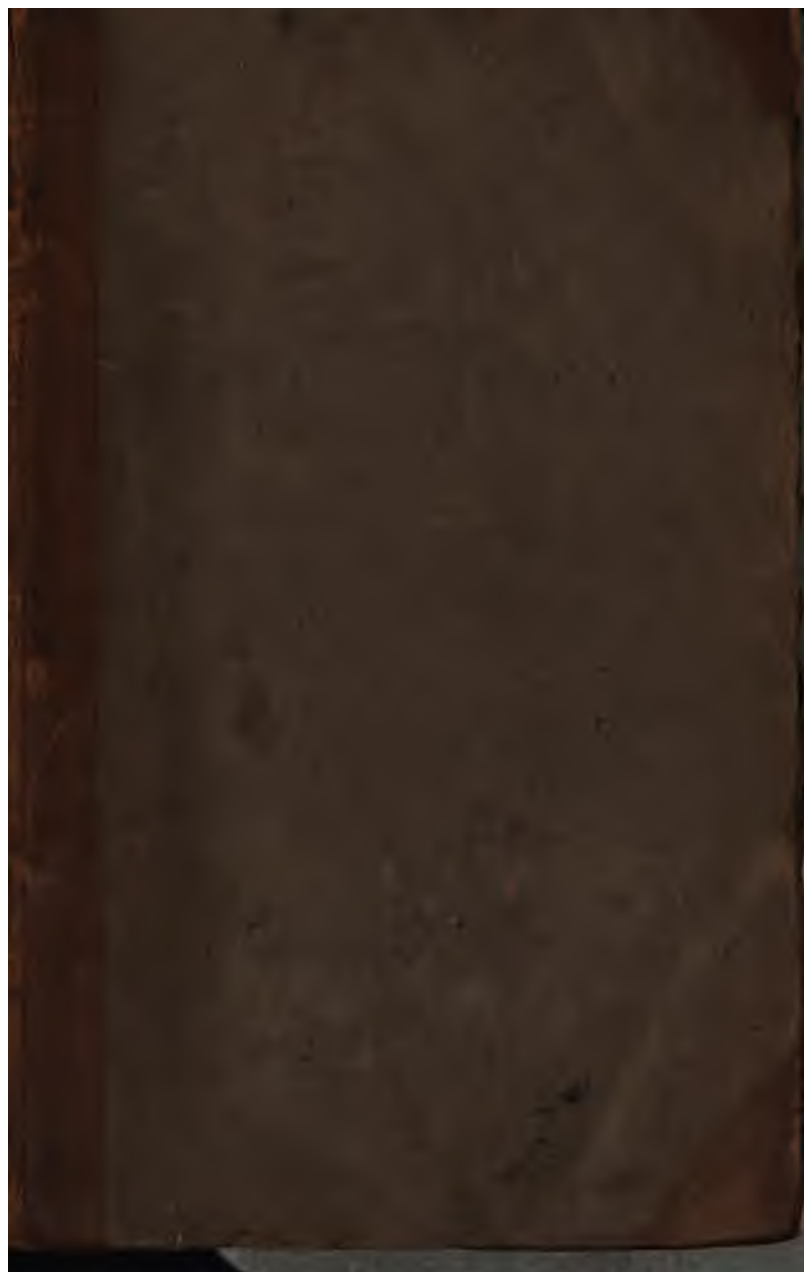
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THE
HISTORY
OF
NETTERVILLE,

A Chance Pedestrian.

A Nobel.

"The shifts and turns, the expedients, and inventions,
"Multiform; to which the mind-resorts in chase of term,
"Thou' apt, yet coy, and difficult to win,
"To arrest the fleeting images that fill
"The mirror of the mind; and hold them fast;
"And force them sit, till he has pencil'd off
"A faithful likeness of the forms he views."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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DEDICATION.

TO every one whom it may concern, or into whose hands this book may fall, the Authoress addresses herself, with a humble hope, that this, her second attempt in the region of fiction, may not be altogether unworthy of a casual attention. She flatters herself that it contains nothing immoral or irreligious, and no sentiment which she ought to blush for having avowed to the world. Many of her quotations are, she doubts not, incorrect, and defective; as they were intirely copied from memory. Some of them she has taken the liberty of altering, the better to accommodate them to her work, and this she ventures to hope may be excused.

The

DEDICATION.

The poetry, if she dares denominate the humblest efforts of the “untutored muse” by that lofty epithet, was written at different periods—as was also her theatrical fragment. Should the Authoress not intirely fail in amusing a candid, and generous few, who condescend sometimes to stray awhile, amid the bowers of Fancy—should her trifling work succeed in drawing the mind of the afflicted a moment from the bitterness of retrospection; her labour will not have been ineffectual—and she will, at some future period, again take up her pen and endeavour to amuse herself and her readers—in which hope she subscribes herself
their

Obliged Servant,

THE AUTHORESS.

NETTERTON.

CHAP. I.

“Whom now can I call my friend?
 “Or from whom can I hear the sound of joy?
 “In thee the friend has fallen, in thy grave my joy is
 “Death, thou cruel spoiler! how oft hast thou caused
 “the tear to flow!
 “How many are the miserable thou hast made!
 “And who can escape thy dart of woe?”

“It is quite impossible, Sir,” said a tough-looking soldier, as he marked “G. R.” on a stage-coach, at the entrance of the city of Bath; “if you were to give me a thousand pounds I could not suffer you to continue in the coach. The troops must be conveyed to the rendezvous on Barham Downs; and, if you want to get on, you have

no other alternative than to march as fast as your legs can carry you." "They will carry me, I fear, but a little farther," said a young man, apparently not more than twenty years of age, in a dejected tone; "and I fear it will be too late. I shall never again behold my father: Oh, God, let me but see him once more! let me but evince my affection and duty to him in this one instance of attention! let me but arrive in time to close his dying eyes, to receive his parting benediction, and I am content to resign him." So saying, he descended from the carriage, with a small bundle on his arm; and proceeded out of the city as fast as possible.

The rain, which poured in torrents, retarded not his steps; he appeared to have lost every other recollection in anxiety for the life of his parent; his pace was hurried and agitated; his frame was sinking under the united pressure

pressure of fatigue and long watching; and he had scarcely travelled a mile, ere, unable to proceed, he was obliged to sit down, on the side of the road, to recruit his exhausted strength.—His dress, though plain, and much decayed from long service, concealed not the beauty of his manly form; and his countenance, though languid, and enveloped in deep melancholy, while it bespoke the sorrow which corroded his heart, also attracted the attention and observation of all those who accidentally passed him, as it evidently bespoke the intelligence and dignity of the mind of its owner. A few moments after he had thus seated himself, a lady passed him in a neat post-chaise: the disconsolate youth cast a wishful glance at the vehicle; he advanced a few paces; and, as if conscious of the turpitude of his conduct, again retreated. He retraced, in imagination, the long and weary jour-

ney he had taken; he anticipated his probable disappointment at its conclusion, and wept, as if internally convinced, that he should not behold alive the father who he had travelled thus far to see. The lady was in possession of one of the best qualities of human nature—philanthropy; her heart pleaded for the stranger's distress—alas! it was but too visible in his palled face and hollow eye. She felt a sort of intuitive conviction of his secret wishes, and, pulling the string of the carriage, beckoned him to approach—he did so; she demanded whither he was going—“to K——?” “Yes, madam,” was the reply. “I am going to the same place,” said she, in gentle and compassionate tones, “and, as I want a companion, you may put down the step of the chaise, and seat yourself by me.” The youth lifted his fine eyes to her matronly face, with a look of ineffable gratitude, and
having

having repeatedly thanked her, he did as he was commanded, and for some time they proceeded in silence towards the place of their destination. The benignant smile of the lady soon drew from her companion an account of the distressful circumstances which had occasioned his journey:—he was, he informed her, the son of a gentleman, who had broken two of his ribs by the overturn of a chaise, and who now lay at the Inn at K——, with little hope of recovery;—that he had received intimation of his father's danger, and had travelled, without intermission or interruption, from Oxford, at which place he was a student, on foot, and had rested neither night or day,—“and when,” continued he, a faint blushing his cheek, “I had arrived almost at the conclusion of my pilgrimage, and hoped to prosecute my journey in a more commodious manner, which I

found, on examination of my little store, I was rich enough to afford, the unexpected demand for carriages in the City of Bath reduced me to the painful necessity of continuing my way on foot—but my weary limbs refused the task assigned them, and almost in despair I threw myself down in the place where your benevolence found me.—Alas!” concluded he, “I fear I shall never again behold my father—no more witness the fond tear of ineffable affection and delight stealing down his manly face—no more be folded in his arms, which have been my security and protection for more than twenty years—no more behold that countenance which has bent over my bed in sickness, which shielded me from poverty.—O Madam, in the wide world I had but one friend—God only knows what is now his fate!” “Lieut. Netterville has indeed suffered greatly,” said the lady. The young

young man started at the seeming knowledge of his father, which this speech implied;—he did not, however, interrupt her; and she proceeded—“but his sufferings will be rewarded in a better world: the accident was dreadful from the beginning, yet he might have survived, had not a mortification ensued.” The young man looked at the speaker with an emotion which he vainly struggled to subdue, and at length, bursting into tears, he exclaimed—“Yes, that, and that only can reward him for all his sufferings, for all his virtues:—Oh,” cried he eagerly, grasping the lady’s hand, “tell me, may I yet hope—does he still live?” The lady answered not, but her silence, and the look of pity with which she regarded him, convinced him at once of the extent of his misfortune;—he no longer held her passive hand, it dropped from between his; his bosom was convulsed with

sobs, tears continued to stream down his youthful cheek, and he remained for some time in sorrowful silence, which Mrs. Walsingham (for so was the lady called) with the voice of consolation at length broke. "Ah, madam!" said he, "had you but known my father, had you like me witnessed his conduct in the trying hour of adversity, had you beheld his ardent piety, you would have mourned like me his untimely destiny. But the storm of life is now past over, and the frail bark is at last anchored in an haven of security; and would to God that the perturbed Lewisham could descend with him to the tomb, and that I could be like him at peace!" "The impatience you evince, my young friend," said Mrs. Walsingham, "under this affliction of Divine Providence, leads me to suppose you as yet a novice in the great school of misfortune; time will blunt the acuteness of your sorrow,

and with the increase of your years, you will find the keen edge of sensibility gradually wear away. Endeavour by an imitation of your father's virtues to honour his memory; and whenever you find the violence of uncontrouled passion likely to lead you astray, call to your remembrance his advice and example, and endeavour to subdue those tremulous vibrations of the heart, that quick impulse of feeling, which, while it heightens all our pleasure, multiplies by millions both our anxiety and our care. Call also to your aid the precepts of a holy religion—it will be your support and consolation in all the trials of life: it will conduct you gently from yourself, the world, and its frail passions, to reflections on a future and better state—where every sorrow shall be lost, every wound healed, every hope realized. Reflect that it was the goodness of the Omnipotent which bestowed on you the first of all

B 5

blessings

blessings—a good and virtuous parent ; and then acknowledge with holy Job ; ‘ The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.’

O,” continued she, clasping her hands, “ how many without this blessed consolation would groan through life under the pressure of strong calamity ! how many fly from retrospection to the gates of suicide ! and how many persecuted by the world, and wasted by disease, would sink untimely to the grave !”——

Overwhelmed as it appeared by the recollection of some former distress, Mrs. Walsingham was for a few moments deprived of that dignified calmness and self-possession which usually accompanied both her words and actions ; but a few moments restored her recollection, and she endeavoured during the remainder of the way to lighten the cares of her companion. The chaise soon after stopping at the inn where the remains
of

of the lieutenant lay, she bade him a friendly adieu, at the same time assuring him she should be happy to receive him, should inclination lead him to her habitation. As she continued her course, her reflections turned on the interesting countenance of the youth, and the melancholy scene he would have to encounter alone. By a strange concatenation of ideas, his person brought to her recollection the days of her youth, and she could not repress the strong interest which this concatenation induced her to take in his concerns. His face was not indeed regularly handsome, but its expression was far more touching than beauty, and the mellifluous tones of his voice bespoke a heart tremblingly alive to all those finer sensations impressed by the bountiful Creator of the universe on the soul of man.

It is now high time to inform the reader who Mrs. Walsingham was, that

is, as far as that lady's history was known, (or conjectured to be known) in the neighbourhood of K——. About twelve years before the commencement of this history, Mrs. Walsingham, as she was pleased to call herself, came to reside within a mile of K——, with one daughter, whom she reported to be her only child, and herself the widow of a clergyman. Clara Walsingham appeared at that time to be about six years of age, and was certainly a beautiful girl. Rumour, however, (whom our great Dramatist exhibits covered with a multitude of tongues, and, travelling with the speed of forked lightning) infamously discredited the story of the lady, and proceeded to affirm that she was nothing more than the discarded mistress of some great personage; and further asserted that she at present subsisted on a pension allowed by her 'cidevant' lover. The landlord of the

White

White Hart, who was famous for selling brown nappy, and esteemed throughout all K—— as a man of erudition, ventured still farther; for he pledged his honour that she was the famous Mrs. R—— who was formerly the chere amie of the P——. “For why,” continued he, “had she any landed property, we should know by this time where to find it; and if she was a West Indian, why that would be known in Bristol; if she had a pension of any sort, the parson, or some *credible* person, must know it; so from all this, and some recollection of her person, I conjecture that, though a good christian in the main, she is no better than she should be. I am sure by her sweet tongue she is neither Jew, Turk, or Infidel, as our parson says, heresy or *res-sany*; and remember what I now tell you, and who says nay?” The *audible* whisper of the landlord of the White

Hart

Hart was speedily carried round the country, and, gathering strength from circulation, became in the general opinion authenticated by the invariable secrecy which Mrs. Walshingham ever observed concerning her fortune and connexions. A discerning few did indeed doubt the truth of this surmise; but as it was no business of theirs, they were perfectly satisfied with letting their neighbours enjoy their own opinion; and as every attempt towards contradiction must have caused some little trouble, they strove not to fathom its foundation:—and thus the unfortunate being whom it concerned was generally avoided, as it was impossible ladies of reputation could visit the discarded *filles de joye* even of a prince!

Miss Winifred Wrinkle usually drew up her crazy head when Mrs. Walsingham was mentioned, and with a sarcastic sneer took her pinch of *Maccabaw* in silence.

silence. Mrs. Candour was *obliged* to give up every idea of *defending* her character; and Miss Frail studiously endeavoured to propagate her supposed failing, in hopes of lessening by that means the flagrancy attached to her own conduct. Yet, notwithstanding the popular prejudice in her disfavour, I flatter myself the gentle and ingenuous mind of my reader will reject every report to her disadvantage, and believe her, what her language and manners during the short time we have been introduced to her have evinced—namely, a humane, virtuous, and religious woman.

The landlord of the White Hart had seen our hero descend from Mrs. Walsingham's carriage, and, as was usual with him, had made many comments on the occasion, and he now waited at the door of his habitation, hat in hand, to receive the new guest Madam Walsingham had brought him; with many compli-

compliments and much circumlocution, he continued for some time to recommend his "brown stout," when the feelings of poor Lewisham, almost too acute for words, and harrassed by his impertinent officiousness, at length found vent, and in a voice suffocated by sobs he desired to be conducted to the apartment where lay the remains of the lieutenant.

We shall in silence pass over the effervescence of a first sorrow in an ardent and impetuous mind, newly initiated in the school of adversity, and only observe, that having seen the clay-cold remains of the best of parents deposited in the bosom of its mother, he returned and shut himself up in the solitude of his own room, where he continued till the following day, a prey to the most acute suffering. He had lost not only his sole remaining parent, but the only being who in the wide world appeared
interested

interested in his welfare; his prospects in life were shut in, as he thought, for ever; the world he was ignorant of; he had little property, and less friends; and though his heart was one of the worthiest and best which ever inhabited a human bosom; yet it sank in hopeless despondency. He was not insensible to the advantage he derived from an uncommonly prepossessing person; he could not be indifferent to his own mental excellence; and his heart expanded in ardent gratitude to that ever to be lamented friend, who had confined and restricted his own wishes, to give him every polish which the best education is capable of bestowing. Yet, notwithstanding all this superiority, he shrunk abashed from every idea of contending with the affluent, the highly connected, the noble—for he had seen enough already to know how little sterling merit is regarded, when put in competition with

with them. Yet what plan of life to pursue was totally out of his power to determine; the present prospect was full of gloom, retrospection was embittered by the remembrance of his irreparable loss, and futurity held out no hope to enliven the perspective. Thus at war with the world, and eager to banish recollection, he put on his hat, and strolled into the church-yard, unconscious of the gaze his elegant figure attracted, and the observation he was liable to from the exposed situation of the walk he had chosen. The mild air of a fine summer's evening insensibly calmed the agitation of his spirits; and the melancholy mementos of mortality by which he was surrounded, though they could not conquer his depression, yet instructed him that when a few, very few years had passed over his head, 'life's fretful fever would have subsided'—"and what then," cried he, mentally,

mentally, "will avail the vanity of ambition, or the pride of wealth? O, my father! hereafter in the regions of the blessed shall thy pure spirit mingle with mine in hymning hallelujahs to the Supreme, if I do but follow thy example, and regulate my conduct by thy precepts; arrived at the solemn period when existence shall close, will the honours, the riches of this world arrest the hand of death?—will they banish the pangs of disease?—will they calm the agonies of conscience? Alas! no. Then let me rise superior to all anxiety in their pursuit, and resting on the goodness of my Creator, in humbleness of heart exclaim, "Thy will be done." So saying, he turned his footsteps towards the White Hart, and hastening to his apartment, he now first espied a letter directed for him, and evidently in the handwriting of the deceased lieutenant, and by its cover he discerned it had been returned

returned from ———, to which place it had been mis-sent: he hastily broke the seal, and found it contained the words which follow in the succeeding chapter.

CHAP. II.

"O impotent estate of human life!
 Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
 Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
 And most we question, what we most desire.
 Amongst thy various gifts, great Jove, bestow
 Our cup of love unmix'd: forbear to throw
 Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
 With nauseous grief! For our judging thought
 Hardly sustains the pleasurable taste,
 Or deems it not secure, or fears it cannot last."

My ever dear Lewisham,

EVEN now, in this awful moment,
 when I am enveloped in pain, misery,
 and anguish; when I feel myself rapidly
 advancing towards eternity, and when
 the mind casts an anxious retrospection
 on its past conduct, and trembles at
 the thoughts of futurity; even in this
 awful

awful moment, the fond affection I have ever experienced for you, is still the leading feature in my character: every vibration of my heart is directed towards you, and a painful fear is awakened, that I am doomed to behold you no more, if the presentiment (which, in spite of every effort to subdue it, continues to pervade my mind) be accomplished: if I have seen you, my son, for the last time, let this short letter, speak as from the tomb; treasure up my parting advice, as the last, best legacy of unalienable affection. You are descended, I trust, nobly; yet, perhaps, you are destined to pass through life in obscurity, and fall at last, as I have unfortunately done, undistinguished, and almost unlamented, into oblivion. Yet reflect, that though you may be neglected in this world, the Almighty will not suffer your works to perish; and the "Recording Angel"

will write, in legible characters, every effort of self-denial and patience. I have learnt, my son, in the rigid school of misfortune, many a hard lesson; and am convinced that virtue and religion alone, can soften the hour of pain; can reconcile us to the near approach of death. Ah, let me conjure you, by the affection which has so long bound us to each other—by the sorrows which have been lightened by mutual participation—by the miseries which, though ignorant of their source, you have so often soothed, never, whatever be your distress, to swerve from that strict line of integrity I have ever instructed you to pursue: let not the boundary between virtue and vice be once broken down; let not an inroad be made in your peace of mind.—Alas! every successive stage towards degradation will be found easier of descent, and you will ultimately fall “like stars, which

set

set to rise no more." Reflect also, that every resistance which we make towards a vicious inclination, though painful in the beginning, is amply rewarded by conscience, that never-failing monitor, whose voice cannot be silenced without remorse. Let not the ardency of passion, the fervour of imagination, the impetuosity of youth, mislead you. Call to your aid an excellent understanding, and your delighted father will look down from happier regions, rejoicing to behold you accomplish the bright picture, which fond parental solicitude has so often portrayed. May God for ever bless and keep you, and may his goodness, which for wise purposes separates us on earth, reunite us in regions of unchangeable felicity. When you have time and opportunity, you will find, by examining my papers at Bamberough, that I have nothing to leave you but three poor hundred pounds,

pounds, which will barely, with rigid economy, continue you in the University until you may be enabled to take orders. Yet, Lewisham, it is my all; it has been preserved for you with much labour, and is the wreck of better, happier days. One baneful planet has shed its hateful influence over my life; it opened on the morning of my days; it burst in horror on the splendour of my manhood, and has darkened, with unceasing gloom, the old age, which it prematured. O God! in bending to thy will; in raising my eyes to thy goodness, in lifting up my hands as an evening sacrifice, in prostrating my heart before thee, have I found consolation! And thou, my Lewisham, under the Omnipotent, wert the irradiating star, which assisted in composing my mind; and though you are not my real son, I flatter myself the ties of blood could add no increase of affection to that which

has ever subsisted between us.—Adieu then for ever! beloved child of my affection!—son of my choice!

“ LEWISHAM NETTERVILLE.

“ At Bamborough, inclosed with my will, you will find every document I could procure of your birth.”

After many pauses, Lewisham concluded this letter; a deep sigh, followed by a convulsive sob, agitated his bosom as he folded it, and, with trembling hands, placed it near his heart. The ardent spirit of true piety, which breathed through the whole of it, infused itself insensibly into his breast, while his whole soul melted at the fond affection which had prompted the trembling hand to this last effort of sincere attachment. “ Yes, my more than father,” exclaimed he; “ thy precepts shall be the rule of my conduct; the remembrance of thy affection, the cordial balm which shall sweeten my existence!

istence! Ah, how thankful ought I to be to that Providence who thus amply supplied to me the loss of parents." This last sentence brought to his memory the probability that he might, one day or other, find these parents, and restore himself to their tenderness; and these thoughts afforded a wide field for imagination to range in. Insensibly, he again recurred to his lamented friend, again regretted his own irreparable loss; and mourned that death which was certainly to the Lieutenant a release from care. Lewisham, after a few days, grew resigned to his loss; and having settled the few debts incurred by the illness and demise of his friend, he prepared to quit K——, when he recollected that politeness demanded he should wait on Mrs. Walsingham, and he accordingly sallied forth to pay his respects to that lady. Mrs. Walsingham received him with more than politeness;

liteness; her conduct and manner wore the semblance of friendship; she invited him to partake of a family dinner, and what was rather extraordinary, our hero accepted the invitation, although he had previously resolved to go that night to Bath, in his way back to Oxford. There was nothing surprising in the sentiments delivered by Miss Walsingham; there was no uncommon interest betrayed in her manner; Lewisham had seen many women more beautiful:—yet what was rather remarkable, he made no mention of his intended departure; and as he walked back to the Inn, he thought of no one object but Clara, the sweet Clara, Mrs. Walsingham's daughter. Day after day elapsed, and found Lewisham still at K——, and at the house of Mrs. Walsingham: week after week stole on, and he still lingered, still protracted his removal; when at length the alarming
state

state of his finances roused him from the lethargy in which he had been so long involved, and convinced him of the necessity of going instantly to Bam-borough, as without that necessary evil, money, he feared he should find the University an unpleasant resort ;—and this necessity first opened his eyes to a consciousness of the regret he should experience in quitting Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter, and a conviction that the tender sympathy expressed for his misfortunes by the latter, had left an impression on his heart, which time could never erase. Clara Walsingham was not regularly beautiful ; yet her face had in it that touching expression of blended dignity, grace, sensibility, vivacity, and energy, which made it almost impossible for a young man, like Lewisham, to be frequently in her company without being sensible of her attractions ;—her form was rather below

the middle size; her limbs were remarkably small, and an agreeable "en-bonne point," gave a roundness to her figure which much increased its beauty; her complexion was remarkably delicate, her eyes blue, "her pure and eloquent blood spoke in her cheek, to such perfection wrought, that one might almost say her body thought." Mrs. Walsingham also bore the remains of eminent loveliness; and though the bloom of the portrait had been faded by disappointment, and cankered by care, yet the graces, which time and misfortune had insensibly stolen from her face and form, had one by one been gathered to an understanding originally of the first class; and while affliction had almost imperceptibly undermined her health, and blighted her cheek, it had lent a suavity to her manners, and an enthusiasm to her heart, which could not fail to be attractive to the inexperienced

science of youth. From society so delightful, from sympathy so seducing, was it possible for Netterville to tear himself away without regret? Was it possible he could quit, the gentle, the fascinating Clara, without revealing to her the sentiments of love and esteem, his heart was fraught with; uncertain whether he should ever behold her more, or whether in their next interview, he might not behold her the wife of another; yet was it manly, was it honourable to return the generous kindness to Mrs. Walsingham, by seducing the affections of her only child; and could he friendless, fortuneless, almost without a name, ever hope that lady would sanction his love? Could he hope that the gentle Clara herself would condescend to share his poverty; and if she would, could he bear the imputation of self-interest? Could he bear to receive a maintenance from the object

of his choice?—His resolution was in an instant fixed—"No," cried he "never will I behold you my Clara, never will I again present myself before you, while one doubt remains of my birth; never will I seek your love, unless I am conscious you will not degrade yourself, by an alliance with me."—And without giving himself time to cool, he sat down and penned the following letter:

" TO MRS. WALSHINGHAM.

" BELIEVE me, my dear madam, when I assure you, that I quit K——, impressed with the most fervent, and unalterable gratitude, for the benevolent kindness shewn by yourself and Miss Walsingham, to a poor forlorn wanderer; and, believe also, that while this heart continues to vibrate, it will never cease to pray for the happiness of
Mrs.

Mrs. Walsingham and her Clara. Nothing but the deep and lasting regret, I must ever feel at a separation necessity demands, should have prevented personally paying my respects to you—but if ever I should hereafter become a favourite of fortune, I shall take the earliest opportunity of throwing myself at your feet, and expressing in person the respect I am proud to say, you have inspired me with, and hope I shall not be found altogether unworthy of the friendship with which I have been honoured ; in which hope I remain, dear madam,

“ Your much obliged, and obedient,

“ L. NETTERVILLE.”

THIS letter did not by any means please the writer, yet he despaired of composing one more to his satisfaction; he therefore hastily folded it, and busied

himself in preparations for his departure. Landlord Dobson entered just as his arrangements were concluded ; and after many expressions of regret at the intended departure of his guest, he glanced his eye towards the direction of the billet doux on the table, and proceeded to descant for some time on the merits and demerits of Madam Walsingham, and Miss Clara—"To be sure, your honour," continued he, shrugging up his shoulders, and winking significantly, "one do'sen't like to speak one's mind too freely ; but people *do* say strange things of them there ladies—and had it not been for a friend of mine, I verily believe no one would ever have *com'm'd* to the truth of it to their dying day—because why, they keeps every thing so close, their actions are all under the rose, as one may say."—"But what did your friend find out, Mr. Dobson?" interrupted Lewisham,

wishing to put an end to his circumlocution—"Why, that is the very thing," replied Dobson, "I am going to tell your honour; *my* friend knows a thing, or two; and *he* says, says he, neighbour Dobson, I knows an old gentleman, who knows an old lady, who knows for a *sartainty*, that this Madam Walsingham, is no other than the famous Mrs. R——, who was kep'd so many years agone by the P——."—"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed Lewisham,—"What a vile fabrication is this; give *me* leave, Mr. Dobson, to assure you, in defiance of your friend, "who knows a *thing* or *two*," that I am well acquainted with the person of the lady you mentioned; and I solemnly affirm, Mrs. Walsingham has not the most distant resemblance of her."—"Well, Sir," replied the Seller of best Brown Stout, "*that's* no business of mine; like is like, and the best of us

are not *obliged* to be infallible ; and be-
like my friend is no pope ; all I know
is, and its no *thoft* of my own, that
she is certainly a fal-lal, or keep'd Miss ;
and whether its a lord, or a p——, who
pays the piper, what's that to me, as I
said before—because why, it's no bu-
siness of mine—the girl is a fine girl,
yet *she* needn't hold up her head so
high ; for if the old lady tips the perch,
her price must come down—and for
my part its a *thoft* of my own, I'd ad-
vise every one to sell their commodities
while they are marketable." The blood
mounted into the cheek of Lewisham
at this profanation of the merits of his
adored Clara, and casting a cool glance
of angry contempt at his host, he said,
" *I* would *advise* you, Mr. Dobson,
not to make Mrs. Walsingham, and her
daughter, the subject of your conversa-
tion ; for if you do, you may depend
upon it, you will one day, or other, re-
pent

pent your temerity—they are, it is true, above your censure, but you will take care to remember what I tell you.” So saying, he took a candle from the table, and retired supperless to his own apartment, where, as I do not mean to describe my hero as a faultless being, I shall candidly inform my reader, that he flung himself on the bed, out of humour with himself, his host, and the whole world; and a prey to the most corroding apprehensions; for he could not, with all the sophistry he was master of, conceal from himself the mysterious silence Mrs. Walsingham always observed respecting her own affairs. He could not fail to remark, that during the frequent opportunities he had had of conversing with her, he had dropped many hints of enquiry respecting her former life, which were uniformly repressed with coldness, if not displeasure, and always evaded with great caution;

caution; he had also observed, that every hint on this subject had been succeeded on her part by a gloom, which destroyed all pleasure in her society—and on these occasions she would, for a short time, absent herself from company; yet, ere she returned, her countenance would have regained its usual placidity: this he had liberality enough to think might be occasioned by sorrow, not remorse.—“No,” cried he, “it is impossible, Mrs. Walsingham is the worthiest of women, and of mothers; my Clara the gentlest, the loveliest of human beings—it is almost profanation to doubt their purity!”—Yet doubt he certainly did; for that restless anxiety, which is ever attendant on true love (while uncertain of a return), would not suffer him to close his eyes; and, as soon as the morning dawned, he arose, and awaited, with a gloomy kind of patience, the arrival of the coach which

was

was to bear him away from K——, from Clara, and from happiness!

As the vehicle rattled along the stones with poor Lewisham, he gazed almost unconsciously from the window; "his eye bent on vacancy;" his mind so absorbed in reflection, that he noticed not surrounding objects; when turning an angle in the road, a fair vision flitted before him—the colour mounted to his cheek, the life-blood fluttered at his heart—it was Clara herself! He bent his body out of the carriage; he pressed his hand on his bosom, he fixed his eyes on her face, where a marked expression of surprise and regret was evidently pictured; until again, the road suddenly winding, he lost sight of her, and retiring within himself, he leaned back, and for some moments was lost in that delicious kind of reverie which a vivid imagination renders so delightful to a lover; a loud laugh

laugh from his companions broke the spell which fancy had imposed on his senses, and he now, for the first time, noticed a tall, boney-looking woman, apparently about forty years of age; the redness of whose face, carbuncled with many a gem, witnessed the potent libations which she had early paid to the shrine of Bacchus; and a little dirty looking insignificant man, who appeared to be her "cara sposa."—"Mayhaps," said the latter, winking significantly his pair of small grey eyes, "mayhaps, young gentleman, you have parted with your sweetheart—but don't be chicken-hearted; Lord love you! I was quite down in the *cellar* myself once, but this kind soul took pity on me at last—didn't it, Deary?" added he, addressing his wife, and chucking her under the chin; "and now, God love you, we are as merry as the day is long, and as happy as flowers in May."

—"Do

—“Do now be quiet, John Jones,” answered the lady, “you are always for hearing your own tongue—I warrant you I might have had a husband any day of the week, without looking at you; but its an old saying, and a very true one, “Go through the wood, and pick up with a rotten stick;” and after all my condescension, you are so *jillous* of me, I can scarcely speak to any one—you are like a man *intosticated*, good fortune has overset you.”—“Ah, deary!” returned John Jones, “thee knowest that I am not *natterly* of a *jillous* disposition, but’—“But what, sir?” interrupted his lady, flashing fire, and a deeper tinge overshadowing her cheek—“~~what~~ what d’ye mean to *insinniate*, John Jones?”—Mr. Jones mildly replied, “Come, *Lilly*, give me a buss—one of your sweet, dear, delicious busses, and I’ll hold my tongue.”—A loud smack announced
t he

the lady's compliance with his request, and an amnesty was agreed on, which lasted until the party were quietly set down at the White Lion, Bath, where we shall leave Lewisham for the present, wishing the reader may feel interested in his fate, and anxious to proceed to the next chapter for the continuation of his adventures.

CHAP. III.

" Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
" Whose hollow turrets woes the whistling breeze,
" That casement arch'd, with ivy's brownest shade,
" First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd,
" The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court
" Once the calm scene of many a simple sport.
" When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
" And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew."

A FEW days brought Lewisham to the place of his destination, which it is necessary to give the reader some account of, as being intimately connected with the thread of our narrative. Bamborough castle is situated on an eminence on the sea coast, in the north of England: it was built by Ida, first king of the Northumbrians, on the scite of an old Roman fortress; a square tower, which is supposed to be still existing, was attached by that king to the building;

ing; the hill on which it stands is inaccessible, save only by a flight of steps on the south-east, and the ruins are very considerable: part of it is kept in very excellent repair, and inhabited by one of the trustees for the estate. This castle and domain was purchased by a bishop of Durham, and by him vested in the power of three trustees; the entire revenue to be appropriated to charitable uses. The resident trustee, before the commencement of this history, had been the unfortunate lieutenant before-mentioned; through him the poor obtained raiment and cloathing; by his exertions, the hapless mariner had been preserved from shipwreck and death, and in the castle of Bamborough had the weather-beaten tar found refuge and protection in the day of calamity and old age: its hospitable doors had never been closed against the houseless child of necessity. A nightly pa-

trole had been kept up for eight miles (the boundary and extent of the territory), and signals of distress were ever followed by a cannon which, fired in a particular direction, denoted in which quarter the assistance of the garrison was required. It was night when our hero approached a spot fondly endeared to memory; by the recollection of youthful sports, and days unclouded by calamity; the enthusiasm which filled his bosom, on again beholding a place which had afforded him shelter and protection from the storms of adversity, and where in the presence of his revered friend, he had spent so many happy hours, was as suddenly repelled by the heart-piercing recollection, that that friend no longer waited his approach with fond parental solicitude; no cheering voice hailed his return to Bamborough; no heart vibrated with affection towards him; the wide world contained

contained no sympathising being, who would pour the balm of consolation into his aching bosom, for cold in the grave reposed the kind friend, whose gentleness of manners and benevolence of character had lent grace to the rugged scene. His heart palpitated; a thousand tender thoughts flashed across his mind; he gazed with unutterable anguish on the scene before him; the lofty turrets were enveloped in clouds and darkness; a grey mist concealed the extent of the fabric, from which the owl flitted, uttering most piercing shrieks, as if complaining of the intrusion of man. Echo, responsive to her wailings, broke in on the stillness of nature, and the distant rolling of the ocean gave a solemnity to the universal pause, which succeeded every dash of its billows. Lewisham stood a few minutes, to collect his scattered spirits; a faintly beamed from the windows of

of the great hall; a tear rolled unheeded down his wan cheek. "Alas," cried he, "gloomy, unsocial, and forlorn, will be the future days I shall spend at Bamborough!" He started, for he knew not who might have succeeded his revered benefactor in the command of the extensive domain.-- "Alas, as little did he know if the death of that benefactor had been announced at the castle: and must he, the fondly cherished child of his adoption, be the first who should make known to the domestics the sad loss they had mutually sustained?" Again he paused, unable to proceed—After much difficulty, he at length ascended the steps which led to the castle—the distant sound of the horsemen reached his ear, as they patrolled the adjacent beach. The castle clock struck ten at the moment that Lewisham crossed the outer court—the door of the inner inclosure remained

unfastened ; he approached the house ; he entered the great hall : a sailor, whose business it was to wait the return of the patrol, slept soundly by the side of a wood fire, which blazed in the hearth : by his side, opposite our hero, stood the arm chair in which the lieutenant reposed, after a day spent in all the duties of active benevolence, which was frequently succeeded by a night of hardship and exertion. His sword, the companion of all his military exploits, hung suspended over it, alike participator in his dangers, witness of his achievements, and companion of his retirement : it was also suspended *in terrarum*, as a badge of his authority ; although in the castle of Bamborough that authority had never been disputed, there stood his cane ; that crook was occupied by his hat ; and on the back of his chair hung his watch-coat, in the very places where Lewisham had last seen

seen them, when he quitted Bambo-rough for the university; and at the foot of the chair lay poor Tray, the companion of many long years of sorrow and misfortune; the friend whose unshaken fidelity had survived the decay of youth, the wreck of all sublunary happiness, the blight of adversity, and the gripe of poverty. Ye who have experienced similar feelings to those which oppressed the mind of Lewisham, as the comparison between past felicity and present misery presented itself to his view, will pity the sighs of agonizing sorrow, which rent his bosom, as he rushed with precipitation from the hall into an adjoining apartment, formerly appropriated to the use of his benefactor. Here every object augmented his distress, for every thing reminded him of his first, his only friend: he flung himself on the bed, where he lay for some time in a state of

insensibility, totally exhausted by the irritation of his mind, and the fatigue and exertion of the preceding day. When he recovered his recollection, and composure, the moon faintly irradiated the apartment; by her light he could distinguish a portrait of the lieutenant, which was hung opposite to the window, and prostrating himself before the inanimate resemblance, he exclaimed in the language of the poet—

“ Guide of my life, instructor of my youth,

“ Who first unveil’d the hallow’d form of truth ;

“ Whose every word enlighten’d and endear’d,

“ In age belov’d, in poverty rever’d.

“ In friendship’s silent register you live,

“ Nor ask the vain memorial art can give ?”

He felt a secret pleasure in the idea, that the friend whose loss he thus mourned, was a witness of his secret thoughts and actions; and lifting up his heart in fervent adoration to the supreme disposer of events, he implored his

his protection and assistance, in the conduct of his future life; and with a mind resigned to his dispensations, he laid himself down to sleep, and soon lost the remembrance of his cares in quiet and refreshing slumber, from which he was at length awakened by a sensation of intense cold and shivering: a clammy sweat hung on his forehead, a damp distilled from his nerveless limbs; his breath was short and oppressed; indescribable horror appeared to have taken possession of his mind; he attempted in vain to speak, no sound issued from his lips—He imagined his last hour was approaching; he gazed fearfully around; no human form presented itself to his view; all was cheerless and forlorn. He recollected with accumulated terror, that his arrival at the castle was unknown; he strove to arise and procure some assistance; the effort was too much for his exhausted

frame; he sunk senseless on the ground. In this situation he was discovered the following morning, by the domestic, whose office it was to air the apartments: medical aid was immediately procured, and the physician gave it as his opinion, that the disorder was a fever, occasioned by fatigue and agitation of spirits, in all probability, augmented by the chill of an apartment which had been unoccupied for more than four months. To whatever the origin of the disease might be imputed, certain it is, that for a long time it baffled the skill of medicine; many weeks elapsed ere he was pronounced convalescent, and when at length permitted to quit his room, he was scarcely able to support himself, for the languor and weariness which the malady had left behind it. During this interval, a new commander had taken possession of the castle, and the remembrance of the

lieutenant was obliterated from all but a few grateful hearts, whose sorrowful countenances were the best memorial of his numerous virtues.—Lewisham was now reluctantly compelled to turn his thoughts towards the prosecution of his studies at the University, as it was unlikely that his stay in his present residence would be permitted after the recovery of his health, and the settlement of the affairs of his departed friend; nor could he wish to continue in a state of inactivity and indolence: and since the period of his separation from the habitation of his youth must one time or other inevitably take place, he busied himself in arranging the papers of his deceased friend, and making preparations for his departure.—Every thing being settled, he demanded an audience of Mr. Nugent (the new governor), that he might in person render up the trust which had thus devolved

on him as the lieutenant's executor, and, receiving a polite answer, he followed a domestic into the great parlour, where the whole of Mr. Nugent's family were assembled, which consisted of himself, his wife, and an only sister: the person of Mr. Nugent was uncommonly handsome, his manners polished by education, and refined by a perfect knowledge of polite life; yet at times they were tinged with a severity which in general rendered him little loved, and much feared. The favorable impression our hero imbibed, at his first entrance into the apartment, was instantaneously expunged by the cold and repulsive condescension with which he addressed him, and the hauteur visible on his countenance, when Miss Nugent spoke to him with easy familiarity on the common topics of conversation. Mrs. Nugent, to a remarkably plain face, added no particular elegance of form;

form; yet her manners had in them that seductive sweetness, her voice that melodious tone, her smile that bewitching naivette, which more than compensated for the want of personal attractions, and could not fail to interest every beholder in her favour: her heart was liberal, her temper good, and her mind well informed. With such a woman, could Mr. Nugent fail of being happy? Alas! happiness is not the lot of mortality—A certain pensiveness in the countenance of Mrs. Nugent, appeared to indicate affliction long combated in vain; at length with difficulty subdued, the storm, as it passed over her head, had shed desolation in her path, and the spirit was crushed, never to rise again, either to energy or vivacity. She was habited in deep mourning, which added interest to a face, every feature of which was clouded with melancholy and languor, the mind was

weighed to the earth, and the body appeared too fragile and weak, to combat with suffering.—Miss Nugent had passed her youth in solitude, and her maturity in the circle of a court; and, like most ladies, and beauties, had been admired, followed, and courted, while her beauty lasted;—laughed at, ridiculed, and forsaken, when arrived at the formidable period of old *maidism*. She had attained the age of forty; her lovers had long vanished, with the summer of her charms, when a distant relation died, and bequeathed to her an immense fortune, which once more reinstated her as a *beauty*, and a *belle esprit*; but she had, by this time, unmasked the butterflies by which she had been surrounded, and with an effort of heroism rarely to be met with, she formed the resolution of living and dying in *single blessedness*; her mind was naturally of a romantic turn, which had been heightened

heightened by an early disappointment ; her affections were ardent, and impetuous ; her friendships enthusiastic ; and her dislikes amounted to disgust and abhorrence ; her purse and her ear were alike open to the call of distress ; to her the child of misery never pleaded in vain—yet the eccentricity of her conduct almost overshadowed this fair character. She was a great reader, a great quoter of poetry ; she was an anatomist, a botanist, a statuary, and—but let her future conduct speak for her—I will only inform the reader, that she was the only person who could possibly keep the haughty spirit of Mr. Nugent under any controul ; and that, in spite of all her foibles, Mrs. Nugent was sincerely attached to her. The introduction of Lewisham to these ladies, passed like most introductions, on similar occasions, with similar characters—Mrs. Nugent kindly endeavouring,

ing, by easy conversation, to make her husband's hauteur pass unnoticed; and Miss Nugent, with lively ease, and unsubdued spirits, ridiculing his reserve, until she, at length, forced him to say—“Well, Arabella, I perceive you will not suffer us to conclude our business; we will, if you please, Mr. Netterville, defer it until the morning, when I shall be happy to see you in my study.”—“In the mean time,” cried Miss Nugent, “as you are the only beau in the castle, I shall not let you slip through my fingers so easily; so, Sir Knight, you will remain in durance vile for the rest of the day!” Lewisham bowed to her, and answered, “all corners else of the earth let Liberty make use of, space enough have I in such a prison.”—“Gallant, upon honour; rejoined the lady, “you are the very fellow, to make such a place as this stupid old castle tolerable.”—“Hold, Arabella!”

Arabella!" interrupted Mrs. Nugent, "stupid as you say this castle is, you know a certain gay lady has chosen it for her residence."—"O dear!" cried Miss Nugent, "was there any great choice left me? London was so horribly stupid; then I was quite sick of the folly and wickedness of mankind; as for Edinburgh, the deuce is in it; I think, if possible, it is worse than London—now here I have room for meditation, even to madness, 'till the mind bursts with thinking;" then I shall have part of this fabric repaired: and when I have had a library, a spouting room, a laboratory of arts and sciences, a statue room, and a skipping room, I think I shall have employment enough on my hands."—"And do you ever expect, Arabella," said Mr. Nugent, smiling, "to see these arrangements completed?"—"O dear, yes! for
3-2 with

with a little attention on my part, and a good many hands, I despair of nothing, particularly as I shall set the grand engine into circulation, and you know money will do wonders, brother." The conversation here dropped, and Mr. Nugent, soon after, quitted the room, politely seconding the invitation of his sister. The day passed off more to the satisfaction of Lewisham than he had at first expected; and when evening arrived, he reluctantly quitted the family party, and retired to his own solitary apartment. The following morning he settled every pecuniary matter with Mr. Nugent, and that gentleman, though with evident reluctance, requested he would not think of leaving the castle until his health was perfectly established—he bowed his thanks for a speech intirely dictated by politeness, secretly resolv-

ing

ing to act in this particular as future circumstances should decide. The examination of the lieutenant's affairs had convinced Lewisham of the necessity of fixing on some plan for his future subsistence, as the whole amount of the bequest left him, after the payment of the just debts of his benefactor, amounted only to two hundred and fifty pounds. His health being now nearly restored, he could not, with propriety, remain longer in the castle; and he determined, the succeeding day, to bid adieu to its hospitable walls, perhaps for ever: he, therefore, sent a polite message to Mrs. and Miss Nugent, for the governor he found was gone out for a few days; and on the return of his messenger he received the following card from them:—

Mrs. and Miss Nugent, will be happy to see Mr. Netterville, before he leaves
the

 CHAP. IV.

"Celestial Happiness, whene'er she deigns to visit earth,
 "One shrine the goddess finds, and one alone,
 "To make her sweet amends for absent heaven---the
 bosom of a Friend."

THE usual compliments having passed, Miss Nugent, after apologizing for the liberty she was about to take, proceeded to make some enquiries respecting the fortune and destination of our hero. "Believe me," continued she, "I am actuated by no motive of idle curiosity, but simply by a wish to do you all the service in my power. Your father was well known to my family in his youth; and some particular circumstances have rendered me peculiarly

liarly

liarly anxious to assist the son of so deserving a character." Mrs. Nugent wiped a tear from her cheek, and hiding her face in her handkerchief, walked towards the window. "How old are you?" said Miss Nugent. "I am twenty years of age, madam," answered Lewisham. "You are not at all like your father," said she: "but your voice is the very counterpart of his." "The resemblance between our voices may be merely accidental," said he, "or it might have been acquired by a long residence together." "Then you do not think," rejoined Miss Nugent, "that families resemble one another in their voices?" "Pardon me, madam, I did not say so; but you labour under a mistake—I am not the son of Lieutenant Netterville." "Good Heavens!" exclaimed Miss Nugent: "Not his son!—not the son of Mr. Netterville!—Angels and ministers of grace defend me!"
In

In the name of wonder, then, who are you?" "I am," replied Lewisham, "the son of his adoption, the son of his affection; but believe me when I say, no tie of blood united us to each other. I was a forsaken outcast, left deserted, abandoned to the mercy of an unfeeling world! He took me to his arms and his heart; he became my friend, my protector, my father!" "Alas!" cried Miss Nugent, "'he was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again;' his life was marked out early by calamity." Mrs. Nugent sobbed aloud; she rose abruptly from the window-seat, and hurried with precipitation out of the apartment. Lewisham looked at Miss Nugent with astonishment; "Poor thing!" sighed she, glancing her eye towards her sister.— "Pray did you ever hear the history of your unfortunate friend?" "I have," said Lewisham, "the memorial of his sorrows,

sorrows, traced by himself, but I have never yet been able to peruse the manuscript." " *'I could a tale unfold,'*" said Miss Nugent, " *'whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres, thy knotted and combined locks to part, and each particular hair to stand an end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine'*—but it may not be; every account I could possibly give you of poor Netterville must be unsatisfactory, for I entirely lost sight of him for more than nineteen years, and most probably should still have been ignorant of his destiny, had not death closed his eyes for ever! You must not quit this place at present, my young friend! read over the history committed to you by your departed friend—you will there find I have a claim to offer you my advice and assistance; and believe me, when I as-

sure

sure you, I have a heart warmly interested in your welfare, both for your own sake, and for that of him whom we both lament. Here then we will, if you please, drop this subject for ever, as it is one which my poor sister is unable to bear. Neither let my brother ever know that it has been discussed between us—for it is jealousy's peculiar nature to swell small things into great, nay, out of nought to conjure much; and then to lose its reason amid the hideous phantoms it has formed. One thing more, and I have done. When you are determined to quit Bambotough, mention to me any plan you have in view for your future life, and it shall be my business to forward your interest by every exertion in my power." Lewis-ham could not speak, so lost was he in wonder at the preceding conversation; he pressed Miss Nugent's hand with silent admiration and gratitude, which she

she obliged him suddenly to relinquish by hastily quitting the apartment. In a short time the ladies re-entered, and Lewisham accompanied them in a walk on the sea-shore, from which they returned to enjoy in friendly converse a family dinner, where form was excluded; and the night was far advanced before they separated. The following day our hero again met the ladies, and again spent it entirely with them. In the evening Mr. Nugent returned, his brow clouded by anger, when Lewisham hastily took leave, determined that nothing should prevent his speedy departure from Bamborough, resolving that night to refer to his manuscript for an explanation of the mystery which appeared to envelop the family of Mr. Nugent; and as soon as the house was quiet, he drew a chair and sat down, eager to learn the contents of the packet, which began as follows:—

THE HISTORY OF NETTERVILLE.

I FIRST awoke to sense and recollection in the house of a gentleman of the name of Campbell, who passed for my guardian. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and a daughter about my own age. Adeliza Campbell was the idol of her father ; her figure was small and finely proportioned, her voice was melodious, and her disposition had in it that inexpressible sweetness which never failed to attract all hearts towards her ; young as I then was, I cannot but recollect that it was this sweetness which softened the asperity of Mr. Campbell, that it was *her* voice which, pleading for pardon, never failed to sooth his rugged temper into composure. How often have I gazed with rapture on the animated enthusiasm lighted up in her countenance on these occasions :
how

how have I delighted to hear her voice, impelled by generosity and affection: and how often have I said to my heart, "Is not the intelligence which now beams in the countenance of Adeliza, a thousand times more lovely and fascinating than the most regular set of features?" Yes! though beauty dwelt not in the person of Adeliza in that very eminent degree possessed by many of her sex, yet her eyes were expressive, her teeth white, and her countenance was the faithful index of a heart which throbbed with trembling emotion for the happiness of those around her. The parental tenderness of Mr. Campbell knew no bounds: he would scarcely suffer his Adeliza out of his sight, and that nothing might deprive him of her society, masters of every description were procured for her at home; her accomplishments kept pace with the expence lavished on her—yet she still retained

tained the modest diffidence of her character. Her heart was open, liberal, and undisguised, and not a thought of her pure and unadulterated soul was concealed from the eye of observation. Adeline had a friend—What a contrast was exhibited in these two lovely women!—Miss Nugent was eminently handsome, her accomplishments were more shining than those of her friend, her spirits more animated, her attractions more decided, her figure more majestic, her talents more brilliant: the one commanded your affection as her right—the other insinuated herself into your favour by slow and imperceptible degrees: Arabella was feared by many—Adeline beloved by all. Of myself what shall I say? I will let the story of my life speak for me, satisfying myself with the simple observation—that the world considered me as an indigent young man, whose person and talents must
4 make

make way for him in life. With that want of discrimination so natural to youth and inexperience, I selected the brother of Miss Nugent for my friend and companion. Alas! fleeting was the illusion! it vanished, suddenly vanished, together with all those golden dreams of felicity youth had fondly busied itself in painting! How cruel was the concealment practised on my unsuspecting nature! how dreadful the crime into which I might have been precipitated! how, through a species of false shame, were my prospects in life blasted for ever!—Adeliza! Adeliza! I dare not, I cannot, even at this distant period, awake the recollection of the past without horror!—my blood curdles, my soul shudders, nature recoils with terror and dismay!—O God! my help and deliverance! my soul pours forth her gratitude before thee!—But I will proceed with my narrative.

When

When I had attained the age of nineteen, the friendship with which Miss Nugent honoured me, became insensibly more animated; an insupportable melancholy took possession of her mind, her usual vivacity forsook her; she became pensive, and reserved. Adeliza, as well as myself, had remarked the alteration; in our mutual friend; and the former determined to steal from her the secret cause; of a change so discernible—"O my Adeliza!" replied Miss Nugent, to the solemn adjuration of her friend—"I dare not reveal to you the cause of my distress; even the gentle Adeliza will hate her Arabella, for a weakness so degrading!"

"Good heavens!" cried Adeliza—"what is it you teach me to suspect? what is it you would make me believe? is it, can it be, that my Arabella entertains an affection degrading to her family?"—"O my friend!" cried Miss Nu-

gent, hiding her face with both her hands, her colour varying alternately from red to pale, and her whole frame panting from energy, and agitation—“with pride, with adoration, ought the most exalted family to hail a choice, so disinterested, an object so deserving; but alas! you know my father, you know that indigent merit has with him no chance, and family pride has placed between me and Netterville an insurmountable barrier!” Adeliza no longer questioned her friend, her bloodless face, bore but too evident a witness, to the feelings of her heart, and she supported herself from sinking, only by the friendly assistance of a chair which stood near her — “Yes!” continued Miss Nugent, “it is Netterville, the indigent Netterville, my heart acknowledges for its lord; it is Netterville for whom that heart pants, it is for him my cheek loses its accustomed

customed colour, my spirits their vivacity, my youth its bloom !” Adeliza had by the time her friend concluded, attained fortitude sufficient to disguise her feelings, and endeavoured to persuade her that Mr. Nugent, could not possibly object to her union with me—“ His father” said Adeliza, “ was, as you know, the youthful friend of mine and I have often heard the latter say, that the mother of Netterville was descended from a noble family; cease then, my Arabella, to conjure up causes of needless alarm, for it is impossible that Netterville can be insensible to merit like yours, your father will be won over, and my friend will ultimately be happy.”—“ You are a sweet flatterer,” answered Miss Nugent, “ would to heaven, that I dared to believe that you are not mistaken—Come, will you go down stairs.” Adeliza excused herself from attending her friend, who

had no sooner left her, than she hurried to the solitude of her own apartment, where she sat down, too much agitated for some time, to reflect on the foregoing scene ; but at length she recovered from the surprise which Miss Nugent's extraordinary disclosure had given birth to, and was convinced of the affection, which, under the mask of friendship, had imperceptibly gained possession of her mind ; she now for the first time, saw that she loved me ; and she, also saw, in the same moment, every probability that my heart was irrecoverably devoted to another ; and struggling to subdue her own feelings, she endeavoured to rejoice in our mutual felicity. Having determined to regulate her conduct with the most scrupulous attention, she joined us the same evening at supper ; where, though she did not seem in high spirits, she retained at least the appearance of cheerfulness.

Under

Under the existing circumstances, it was not impossible I could long be ignorant of the change in Adeliza's conduct; and one day being accidentally alone with her, I complained in severe terms, of the reserve with which both the friends treated me—"Ah, Netterville, impute not to us!" cried Adeliza, "a reserve which has its foundation in your own unaccountable conduct; anxious, as I cannot fail, to be for both your happiness, how can I behold with indifference the coolness of your manner to Arabella?"—"Good heavens! Adeliza," said I, "what is it you mean? I am sensible of no want of respect towards Miss Nugent, I have the truest, the sincerest friendship for her—but"—and I hesitated—"Is it, can it be possible," said Adeliza, "that you are ignorant of the sentiments Arabella entertains for you? And can Netterville be ungrateful, can he cruelly

delight to pain a noble and disinterested nature?" — "Gracious Heaven!" cried I, "What do you mean? tell me at once Adeliza, ease me from a suspense equally cruel and unnecessary, give not an added force to the blow you mean to inflict." "Is then"—asked Adeliza, in a voice scarcely audible, "Is the affection, the *love* of Miss Nugent, a misfortune to Netterville? Is the accomplished fair for whom thousands sigh; she, the pursuit of the noblest youths in Caledonia, who offers you youth, beauty, fortune, rank, splendour, and affection; is *she* despised and rejected?" "Adeliza, cried I, almost overpowered by contending emotions, and in one moment alive to the unchangeable affection I had long entertained for her in secret—"cease to persecute me with your ill-timed friendship and advice; you feel, indeed, for Miss Nugent, but Netterville, the indigent

digent Netterville is unworthy of a thought, he can easily sacrifice the dearest affections of the heart; he is poor, and therefore must command his feelings; he must for ever remain in his original obscurity, if he cannot offer up himself at the shrine of ambition. No, madam, believe me, you are yet a stranger to the soul of Netterville, his heart can never beat in unison with that of Miss Nugent; yet he acknowledges her virtues, admires her generosity, respects her candour, and feels too sensibly the honour she has conferred on him." I now retreated a few paces towards the door, Adeliza held out her hand towards me, I pressed it to my lips with unutterable tenderness—"Alas! Adeliza," said I—"I dare not reveal to you my thoughts, my hopes, my wishes, my fears (Adeliza coloured) and yet," added I, earnestly looking in her the face, "this

sweet confusion leads me to hope that my Adeliza does not regard her Lewisham with indifference;"—the scarlet deepened to a crimson in the cheek of Adeliza—"Oh!" continued I, sinking on my knees, "the vital spark which enlivens this frail tenement, is not so precious as Adeliza to this fond—this idolizing heart; believe me, no power of language can paint my fond, my unalterable affection, no tongue describe my feelings, my love is yours, Adeliza, yours alone, yours only, yours for ever; and yet bid me relinquish you, say it will contribute to your happiness, and I resign you, and from henceforth will behold you no more—Speak, Adeliza," cried I, eagerly grasping her hand, ease my tortured mind, spare my heart the agonizing suspense it now endures."—O, my son! I cannot describe the rapture which followed, suffice it to say, I obtained from the gentle girl a frank confession

confession of a reciprocal attachment, and, " was indeed most blest, gay title to the deepest misery :—at this distant period the past fleets before my imagination like a gay vision ; like a dream, its felicity was unsubstantial and evanescent, like that it was suddenly obscured from my view, leaving me bewildered in darkness and despair.—Oh, all merciful heaven ! pardon the wild and ungovernable passions of a wretch tottering on the verge of insanity, pardon the tumultuous emotions, the frantic ravings, the alarming desperation, the dreadful convulsions which then shook this shattered frame ; () who ! amidst such an accumulation of anguish, could have preserved unruffled the equanimity of reason, who could have failed, to have been like me, bewildered, and almost lost in the mighty conflagration of the mind—I almost tremble while I relate what followed.

The blushing Adeliza flung herself into my arms, and in the repository of my faithful bosom, concealed her confusion while she confessed her affection—"My friend," cried she, "my Arabella forgive me, yes Netterville, my own Netterville, for I will now call you by that tender appellation; heaven which alone has witnessed my long, my ardent love, has at last blessed me beyond my hopes, henceforth I will bid adieu to care, doubt, and anxiety, Netterville is kind, and shall not his Adeliza be happy!"—Alas! fatal was our deception, dreadful our subsequent misery, blasted were our fondest hopes—O Adeliza! friend of my youth; chosen companion of my maturity, why in old age am I debarred from thy society. Adeliza was spared the pain of informing her friend of the explanation which had taken place, as the following morning Miss Nugent was sent for express
to

to attend her father; his illness which lasted sometime, and afterwards his death, removed his daughter to the house of a distant relation then resident in London, and there my Adeliza forwarded an account of the foregoing conversation. The genuine nobleness of mind which Miss Nugent possessed, suffered her not to entertain any mean jealousy against her more happy rival, and she soon after wrote to Adeliza, congratulating her on an event which would contribute, she hoped, to our mutual felicity—"for myself," she concluded, "I will not say that I feel no regret at the total demolition of my fond hopes, but as things have turned out, I will strive to believe, that—(whatever is, is right; the world is not, we are told, a place where we are to expect perfect happiness, but I will pray to the Almighty, my Adeliza, to lengthen to you years of felicity, and

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that

that you may continue to feel that fond partiality for Netterville, which can alone secure it in the marriage state. And I flatter myself a period will soon arrive, when this rebellious heart will cease to flatter the name of Netterville, and when I shall be able to claim in person the renewal of that friendship which has hitherto formed the happiness of my life, till then I will not see you; write to me my friend, but mention not the name of Netterville, this is the last time my pen shall trace it; until I can do it with a steady hand; until I can hear, I can utter it with indifference, adieu!

I have never, my Levisham, from that hour beheld Miss Nugent, yet I know that the friendship of those two amiable women is still undiminished, and that Arabella's affection is the only drop of consolation with which the world sweetens the bitter destiny of Adeliza.

CHAP. V.

"But fruits their odour lost, and sweets their taste,
 "If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast,
 "Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
 "Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
 "And when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
 "Raising their voices to the master lyre,
 "Too ~~fast~~ I thought this voice, ~~and that too~~ shrill;
 "One shou'd too much, and one too little skill:
 "Nor could my soul approve the music's tone
 "Till ~~it was~~ hush'd, and ~~Abra~~ sung alone,
 "Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
 "And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

THE discovery of our mutual af-
 fection being once made, how raptu-
 rous, how delightful, were the days,
 months, and weeks which succeeded.
 The character of Adeliza, as it unfolded
 itself to my view, still increased my
 attachment to her;—she was the master-
 spring of all my actions: the passion I
 entertained for her, like the rod of the
 Jewish

Jewish law-giver, swallowed up every lesser feeling, and I lived but in her society—my heart new to the impulse of the “belle passion,” and unhackneyed in the flowery mazes of Cupid—reposed in fatal security on the long cherished tenderness we entertained for each other; nor did one idea obtrude itself on the imagination of either of us, that was hostile to the flattering picture of our youthful affections delighted in pourtraying. Mr. Campbell had of late regarded me with more than usual kindness, had spoken of me, as a youth, for whom he had high expectations; had frequently addressed Miss Campbell and myself by the endearing appellation of his children: these circumstances induced us to believe he had formed the intention of one day uniting us. Happy in each other's society, we patiently waited for the expected denouement. Secluded from the world,
often

often would we wander along the meanders of the Ern, linked in each others arm, love shed a more than mortal fragrance on the flowers nature had strewn around us, it gilded every prospect, it brightened every scene, it dissipated every gloom, the woods, the hills, the vales, bore witness to our vows of unchangeable fidelity; the morning awoke me to happiness; the night restored to me in dreams the remembrance of the past day.

O merciful Heaven! how soon did the stroke burst in thunder on my defenceless head; how soon was the bright sun of my hope veiled for ever in darkness; how was I driven, a stranger, an alien from my native land, to wander amid regions unknown; and how through the course of a long life have I struggled with a sad "variety of pain." Separated from Adeliza—alas for ever!—Our lives glided on
without

without much variation for the space of nearly two years; at the end of that period Mr. Nugent professed himself the admirer of Adeliza, and failing in his suit, attempted to procure the interposition of Mr. Campbell; how like a thunderstroke to his daughter appeared his peremptory commands to receive the addresses of Nugent; she threw herself at his feet, but he was deaf to her supplications, threatening her with his eternal malediction if she dared to disobey him; how my heart recoils from a recollection of the dreadful explanation which soon followed; how my nerves tremble at the horrors which I then encountered—nature starts back, and writhes with convulsive agony, at the remembrance of the throbs this lacerated heart then endured. O, Almighty Providence! it was thy mercy which then supported me—it was thy goodness which saved me from the precipice

capice which gaped to receive me—it was thy unerring hand which guided me in safety through the sorrows and cares of this transitory life, which stilled the raging of the tempest, and which bade the impetuous torrent of passion to subside, and it obeyed thee—Blessed, ever blessed be thy mercy!—but let me continue my narration.—Adeliza flew from the presence of a stern and rigid father, to the bosom of a fond, a rapturous lover; and we again exchanged mutual vows—vows which Heaven refused to ratify. I pressed the affrighted girl to my fond, my beating heart—I swore never to forsake her—I vowed to shield her from her father's rage—I vowed eternal hatred to my treacherous rival—I clasped my encircling arms around her, and forgot, in that moment, that the power of Mr. Campbell might, perhaps, separate us for ever. In the height of our fond delirium

delirium we appointed that night for our indissoluble union, without reflecting how difficult such a proceeding must be unsanctioned by the approbation of Mr. Campbell; yet I resolved, once before the irrevocable step was taken, to try the effect of a calm representation of facts, on a man whose paternal affection for his daughter had been unbounded. I rushed into his presence, I prostrated myself before him, I implored his pity in the most supplicating terms, I conjured him not to render his only child miserable through a mistaken zeal—who can speak the convulsions which shook his frame? Adeliza trembling for the consequences of this interview, had followed me, unobserved, into the room, and now joined her pleadings to mine.—Words of mingled rage, agony, pity, horror, and despair! fell from the lips of Mr. Campbell; he accused himself bitterly,

bitterly, as the author of his own misery—implicated the vengeance of Heaven on his own folly and presumption. Adeliza took me by the hand—she attempted to lead me towards her father—his eyes flashed fire—he spurned us from him—“Forbear, rash girl!” cried he, “or I renounce you for ever!”—My hand dropped lifeless from between hers, her face became pale and dejected, she was near fainting, I rushed forward, I clasped her in my arms, I called Heaven and Earth to witness she was mine—mine by the most irrevocable ties, that I would assert my right, and that no human being should separate us. Mr. Campbell trembled convulsively, his flesh quivered, his face became pale and distorted, his eye-balls rolled in their sockets, he attempted in vain to speak, his utterance failed, he threw himself on the ground, he lifted his hand towards Heaven, no tear bedewed

dewed his feverish cheek, no sound issued from his divided lips! We again knelt before him, when, starting wildly from his knees, he motioned us to retire; and finding that I still retained the hand of Adeliza, he struck his clenched fist against his forehead, and wildly cried, "Heaven itself forbids the unhallowed union—it denounces its bitterest curses against the incestuous passion?—Netterville, she is thy sister! —Yes! thy father humbles himself before his children; the Almighty has visited him with retributive justice!—He chastens with a heavy hand! I heard no more—Adeliza had sunk senseless to the ground; my curdling blood mounted into my boiling brain; torrent after torrent appeared to rush forward, and oppress my aching heart; my straitened veins threatened instant annihilation; and my distended faculties

were

were strained to such a violent degree of tensity, that every fibre of my frame appeared ready to snap asunder; my heated imagination conjured up a thousand horrid phantoms to appal me: I felt as if pursued by myriads of furies. During these moments of agony, my once loved Adeliza lay on the floor, in a state of insensibility, and I dared not lift a hand to her assistance; I gazed on her with a sort of composed astonishment, mingled with horror; I looked at Mr. Campbell, my father!—a father only known in misery, only acknowledged in wretchedness! his countenance was the faithful index of his heart, terror, anguish, shame, and a confused mixture of undefinable sensations were there assembled: Reason in these complicated terrors tottered on her throne—I quitted the apartment, and rushed with precipitation out of the house; I wandered

wandered all that long night, over mountain, heath, and plain; the rain drenched my cloaths, the wind whistled around my uncovered head; the storm raged with violence, but by me it was unheeded. Alas! I had that within which bade defiance to this elemental strife, and I continued to wander until totally exhausted, "tired nature" sank into forgetfulness, in which state I was discovered the following morning, at the door of a cottage, on the lofty summit of Moncrieff, extended at my length, stiff, cold, and insensible.—I lay many weeks after this confined to my bed, in the delirium of a fever, from which youth, and a good constitution, gradually restored me. The solitude of a sick chamber presented to my imagination the transitoriness of all sublunary enjoyments, and I endeavoured to arm my mind with fortitude, to bear the part assigned me with patience

tience and resignation: the languor which illness had left on my frame, insensibly calmed the impetuosity of my temper, and I flattered myself I should soon think of Adeliza with composure, and true brotherly affection: I strove to subdue my irritable feelings—I endeavoured to look beyond this world for consolation, and support; but, alas! as the body gained strength, the effervescence of the mind returned, and with it returned also, the painful remembrance of lost happiness. The good inhabitants of the cottage were venerable for their years, and more so for their virtues; they were both far advanced in life—yet my worthy host offered himself to be the bearer of a letter to my family; “For they must,” said he, “be necessarily alarmed at your long and unaccountable absence.” In compliance with the good man’s advice I attempted to pen a letter to those

those friends I had determined never more to behold, at least, for many years; and that this last effort might afford them consolation, it was necessary that it should be written with coherency and composure.—Ah! vain was the hope of attaining composure whilst writing to Adeliza!—to Mr. Campbell—my father!—What could I say?—my hand trembled, my heart palpitated, my ideas were confused, my aching head throbbed with spasmodic convulsions—yet the effort must be made, and after many alterations, and much hesitation, I wrote as follows:

“Adeliza, my sister, my friend! in what language shall I address thee? separated as we are, by an awful, and insurmountable barrier, how shall I speak peace to thy fainting spirit?—Shall I tell thee I am happy and resigned?—Alas, no! I will not, I dare

deceive ; well, then, I am exerting my reason, my religion, to become all these ; I am exerting my reason to become tranquil, to forget thee, or only to remember thee with brotherly affection and friendship—ah ! think not that the pen of thy Netterville shall trace one line which sisterly fondness can fear to read. No, my Adeliza ! I will ever keep in remembrance the blood which has united us to each other ; nor shall one thought, or action of mine, raise a blush on the delicate cheek of my friend—O, merciful God ! how many days of misery, how many nights of almost incurable anguish, had been mutually spared us, had that inherent sense of shame been exerted to withstand a vicious inclination, which enabled our father to conceal his crime—had he practised that self-denial for the protection of innocence which bade him deny himself the affection and ac-

knowledge of an only son—had he endeavoured to subdue himself, instead of subverting the innocence of my unfortunate mother, we might have lived years together, blessed in each other's society—we might have lived to support and console him in affliction, and might together have “rocked the cradle of his declining age;” as it now is, I dare not see you—first the tumultuous storm which rages in my bosom must subside (Alas! may not the heart cease to struggle against the tide of misfortune?—May not calamity overwhelm me, ere I have learnt the hard lesson which duty imposes on me?)—Oh, Adeliza! I will strive to recur to those days of juvenile innocence and simplicity, when no passion but the purest friendship agitated our youthful bosoms—I will forget, if possible, my fondest hopes, my dreadful disappointment, and the fatal mystery which enveloped

veloped my origin, and lift my heart in humble thankfulness to the All-wise disposer of events, which opened our eyes ere it was too late. Tell my father, that my soul bears towards him the truest filial reverence ; that it dwells on the numerous circumstances of his kindness and affection—that—but, no—his heart can best inform him, what must be the feelings of mine at this moment ; what must be that misery which follows the awakening from a delicious dream, in which the imagination has indulged for years.—Alas ! there will be no end to this letter if I go on with my complaints. Adeliza, feel no longer anxiety on my account ; the “ Almighty tempers the wind to the shorn lamb ;” from him, and his sacred word, let us seek consolation, and believe me ever your affectionate brother,

“ LEWISHAM NETTERVILLE.”

As I presented this letter to the good Forbes, the colour faded on his venerable cheek—again the crimson current returned; he lifted his hands and eyes to heaven, ejaculated a fervent prayer, retreated from me a few paces, gazed at me some moments with astonishment mingled with horror; and at length, suddenly catching me in his arms, exclaimed, “Yes, Heaven be praised! my heart tells me it must be the same, the child of my lamented Agnes, born amidst anguish and desolation—come and embrace thy maternal grandfather! —Alas!” continued he, extending his arms, and hanging down his reverend head, “in me, my son, you behold a wretched old man, dishonoured by Frazer Campbell, a descendant of Duncan Forbes, tamely submitting to infamy, and degradation, and hiding his diminished head in the seclusion of a poor and miserable cottage; the loss of
fortune,

fortune, my Agnes, I could bear with resignation and composure—but, Almighty God! the innocence of my child—it was too much!—O, Agnes, Agnes! hadst thou been but virtuous, “would Heaven have given me such another world of one intire and perfect chrysolite, I’d not have changed thee for it.” She was the darling and delight of my old age; she was beautiful as the rising morning—sweet as the opening flowers—innocent and artless as a village maiden, until the treacherous Campbell engaged her affections, undermined the purity of her unadulterated heart, taught her to conceal her sentiments and her feelings from the fond eye of parental solicitude, and finally wrought her destruction; may the Almighty visit him with the severest vengeance; may the hour of retribution soon arrive; may conscience agonize and torment him; and may his

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pillow

pillow ever be a stranger to repose!"—"Oh forbear!" cried I, putting my hand before his lips, "let not your malediction rest on a repentant sinner—let not"—a rustling behind us, for we were standing near the door of the cottage, now drew our attention, and in a moment my father, the wretched Campbell, stood before us—"Am I not visited?" cried he, his voice suffocated with contending emotions—"Is not the phial of wrath drained on my defenceless head?—Are not my children lost to happiness for ever?—Is not my son a wretched outcast from his family?—And is not the measure of my misery complete?—Is not my crime expiated?—Is not your resentment, as yet, appeased?—O Duncan, Duncan!" continued he, flinging himself on the ground, and striking his clenched fist against his forehead, "what his thy calamity, compared to the pangs which
agitate

agitate this distracted bosom—what thy misery to the sting of agonizing conscience—to the gnawing of “the worm which never dies?”—Are not my children both miserable through my misguided pride, which would not suffer me to humble myself before them, and has not the Almighty levelled me even with the dust?—Has he not exposed me to contumely?—And has not the fruit of my crime been, alas! the instrument of my punishment?—O, God! it is too much!” The old man lifted his hands, and eyes to Heaven—he could not speak.—“O Agnes, Agnes!” continued my father, “thy pure spirit has long been at rest—long hast thou been sheltered from the obloquy of the world, and the pride of the malevolent; but never can the soul of Campbell hail thee in the kingdom of spirits—never shall his voice be permitted to mingle with thine in hymn-

ing hallelujahs to the Supreme!"—"O," cried I, kneeling before the venerable Forbes, tears streaming down my cheeks, "cease to persecute a being whom conscience has already rendered wretched—cease to harrow up those feelings already too acute—lay not an added load on one whom Heaven has visited; but reflect, "that there is more joy in Heaven, over a sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons, who need no repentance."—My grandfather was visibly affected—his heart appeared to soften towards Campbell, and I seizing the favourable opportunity, had the good fortune to reconcile them to each other: for my sake, for the sake of her who was once so dear to you," cried I, taking the hand of Forbes, and drawing it towards my father, "extend your forgiveness to the wretched Campbell!"

bell!"—"May Heaven forgive me!" cried the old man, "as I forgive him; may his offences be no more remembered;" and he extended his hand to my father, who pressed it with rapture to his lips. Forbes then retired, and I strove to speak peace to the agitated mind of Mr. Campbell—"Believe me," cried I, "your son will not long be unhappy; he will rise above the disappointments of life, and will learn to meet both yourself and Adeliza with serenity."—My father pressed me tenderly in his arms, and now the fond affection which had so many years remained pent up in his bosom, found vent; he settled with me the plan of our future correspondence; he gave me a draught on his banker for money to purchase a commission, in a regiment then stationed in the East-Indies, for which place I was to embark as soon as possible; and having taken of

me a parental leave, and received from me many remembrances to Adeliza, he departed.—The following week I set out to join my regiment, and with me my venerable grandfather, and grandmother quitted a place in which they had experienced nothing but misery.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

“ There’s nothing in this world to make me joy ;
“ Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
“ Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.”

ABOUT six o’clock, on a beautiful spring morning, we bade adieu to the cottage of my grandfather, and the glory of Scotland, for so the Hill of Moncrieff is usually called ; the sun rose with unwonted splendor, nature appeared clad in her gayest attire. I felt like our first parent driven out of Paradise ; for, beyond the extensive prospect which presented itself to my view, I had no wish to emigrate. To the south, as we descended the hill, appeared the mansion of my father, which was situated between Strathern

and the beautiful Carse of Gowry ; beyond, rose, in majestic splendor, the the Stormont hills ; and, in the back ground, almost concealed by a grey mist, the lofty summit of Kinnoul.—
“ No more,” cried I, mentally, as I gazed on the meanders of the Ern, “ shall I pursue the progress of thy silvery stream, linked in the arm of Adeliza ; no more can I with innocence, and love unutterable, listen to her melodious voice ; no more can the gentle suavity of her manners sooth my angry passions into composure !” I recollected the many days of happiness we had passed together, when in youthful groupes we enjoyed the cooling breeze, at the delightful spot where the Ern forms a junction with the Tay ;—how the simple habitation, and the more simple fare of the cottager, delighted after a morning of exercise and hilarity ; and how often evening had surprised

us, while dancing to the sound of the bagpipe, on a little peninsula which projects over the two rivers. I dwelt with fond regret on every object which presented itself to my view ; I looked towards the wide expanse of ocean—not a breath of air ruffled its surface ; I wished it at that moment fluctuated by a storm, equal to that which agitated my distracted bosom ; the charms of nature gave additional pangs to my desolated heart ; I was incapable of joy ; I gazed with agonizing emotions on the town of Perth, and the beautiful woods by which it is surrounded, fondly lamenting scenes of former felicity. I imagined, at that moment, that the universe contained not a spot which equalled it in sublimity. Every winding of the Tay demanded a sigh of anguish ; every well-known object the tear of bitter regret ; and, the grand boundary of the distant highlands, awakened in
my

my bosom the frenzy of despair : " Never more," cried I, " can my heart acknowledge a pang like this ; never can it again be sensible of a feeling so acute ; scenes of my youth, a long, a *last* adieu !"

On the second day of our journey, my grandfather related to me his history, and also that of my mother. He was the last heir of a noble house, who had first involved their property by following the fortunes of the Pretender ; and on the adverse party's success, the mansion and estates of his progenitors had been confiscated, and the youthful Duncan, at the age of twenty-two, was despoiled of his inheritance. " The world was now before him,"—and in Spain he found an asylum, and wielded a sword in the service of his Catholic Majesty. Here it was his fortune to commence an acquaintance with Don Rodolpho Philip de Cordovedo, and his ill fortune
to

to become enamoured of Donna Agnes de Cordovedo, his daughter. A discovery of their mutual attachment, soon after, produced his dismissal from the service of his Catholic Majesty, and the lady's confinement in a convent of Benedictine Nuns, a few miles from Madrid. Through the assistance of his sister, who was a boarder in the convent, Forbes obtained frequent interviews with Donna Agnes; and this frequency of access at length produced the determination of flying to Great Britain, to be united to each other by indissoluble ties.—To Scotland, then, this pair of lovers hastened in disguise; as they feared the power of Rodolpho might pursue them, and enforce a separation. They resided, for some time, in one of the islands, until the birth of my mother rendered a separation impossible to be effected with honour. All application to the father of Agnes
was

was ineffectual: he refused every overture towards a reconciliation; and, dying shortly after, bequeathed his immense property to a monastery. A distant relation of my grandmother's, however, preserved them from the extreme poverty, by the timely bequest of a thousand pounds; and with this small sum they continued in retirement, until their daughter attained the age of sixteen; at this period my father became acquainted with them, and, by imperceptible degrees, wormed himself into the heart of the youthful and unsuspecting Agnes; and, in an evil hour, by the assistance of a false marriage, destroyed her reputation,—Mr. Campbell's father had selected a wife for his son, and he soon after plighted his hand to her at the altar, in the face of the world. The only witness of Agnes's marriage, was a poor woman, who died soon after; so she was considered, by the generality

ality of mankind, as an indiscreet and foolish girl, whom credulity had betrayed to her ruin.

The knowledge of my father's second marriage produced a premature labour, which first opened the eyes of her venerable parents. The stigma which was thus cast on them, eat into the vitals of ancient nobility, and the death of Agnes soon after, reduced them to despair.— They collected the little property they possessed, and retired to the cottage before mentioned, on the summit of Monctieff, where they had resided ever since, unknown by the world, brooding over past calamities, and wearing out life in all the bitterness of disappointed hope and comfortless despair.

Unused to fatigue of any kind, my grandmother was taken ill, on the third day of our journey, which detained us nearly a week. Immediately, on her recovery, we proceeded with all possible

sible expedition to Port Patrick ; within two miles of which placè, I procured a small cottage, and having seen them quietly settled, I bade them adieu, being internally convinced, that our separation was, in all probability, eternal. The following month I embarked with my regiment for the East Indies, and, ere my return, the virtuous Forbes was no more. I received, before my departure, a letter from my father, filled with expressions of contrition and affection ; and promising no longer to suffer the name of my mother to be consigned to infamy. I dissuaded him not from an act of retribution ; yet he died ere he had acquired resolution sufficient to clear her fame, or do me justice. After a prosperous voyage, I arrived at Bengal ; and, during my residence in that place, received frequent letters, both from my father and grandfather ; in one of which I was informed of the marriage

riage of Adeliza and Mr. Nugent ; and about twelve months after, I received, from that gentleman, the melancholy account of my father's death. His letter concluded in the most indelicate manner : it said, that as Mr. Campbell died intestate, his property, of *course*, devolved to his *legitimate* child—his *daughter* ; and having been so handsomely provided for in his lifetime, I *could* have no reasonable claim on his executors, as I was incapable of proving my right to any of the property.—Alas ! I was equally incapable of wounding the feelings, or injuring the fortune of Adeliza ; and while I rejoiced in my independence, I rejoiced also, that I was removed from witnessing her union with such a worthless, groveling, spirit. The natural energy of my mind bore me up against the contumelious treatment of my brother-in-law, and I felt and gloried in my own superiority.

About

About three years after my residence in the East, I became acquainted with an amiable young woman, of a good family and large fortune. My person happened to hit her fancy; and the amiable Caroline St. Ledger was indifferent to every sordid idea, and by giving herself to my arms, ensured my esteem and fervent gratitude.—Nine months of uninterrupted felicity were mine; the tenth was ushered in with general gratulations on the birth of a daughter; but my Caroline never recovered from the effects of her accouchement, and I followed her remains to the silent grave—a sincere mourner!—I now became sick of Bengal and its environs, and proceeded to dispose of all my property in the East, and settle my affairs, previous to an embarkation for England or Scotland. My little Clara, for so I had named my sweet babe, supplied to me the loss of every other

other tie, and became, as it were, the sole link which bound me to the world. In her all the affections of my heart were centered ; she was the leading spring of every action ; I breathed but in her presence ; I lived but in her society. Ah, my son, human nature is ever subject to error : in the height of my rapture I remembered not his goodness who had bestowed this blessing on me, until fatally reminded of my sin, by " his withdrawing his face from me, and I was troubled."—At night, when I retired to bed, I gazed on this sole treasure, as she sweetly slept in a small closet adjoining my apartment ; and, ere I rose in the morning, her attendant would place her by my side, where her unconscious loveliness awoke in my bosom the rapturous emotions of parental affection.—My affairs being settled, I embarked for Scotland, my heart not a little dilated with the thoughts of again beholding

beholding Adeliza, and presenting to her my child—"My fortune," cried I, "will procure respect from the sordid mind of the husband, and she will shield my babe with fond maternal tenderness; she will be to her the parent she has lost;—yes, Adeliza, I shall once more behold thee; and our hearts, divested of every tumultuous passion, shall still retain for each other the most sincere and animated friendship!"—Alas! this blessing was also denied me: a storm overtook us during the voyage. We bore up against its violence for nine days; but on the tenth, finding every effort to preserve the vessel ineffectual, and the leak still gaining on us, we took to the long-boat for security. My fortune was, in this instant of horror, totally disregarded; my future subsistence unthought of, but my sweet Clara, fondly pressed in my paternal arms, was conducted in safety to the boat; and even

even in this comfortless state I found reason to congratulate myself, and bless the Almighty :—" Child of my love !" cried I, " daughter of my heart ! spring of my joy ! art thou not safe, and shall I not bless the Almighty, who has spared thee to me ? What, O God, is the loss of property compared to the life of my darling cherub ! Here then," added I, recollecting myself, " here ends every hope of again presenting myself before Adeliza. Had I returned blessed with fortune, and independence, the case had been far different ; but never will I bear the contemptuous glance of Nugent ; never shall the daughter of Netterville become a dependant on his bounty ;—no, we will bury ourselves in some obscure retreat, where we can labour for our subsistence, and forgetting mankind, become the whole world to each other !" —For two days we remained exposed to all the severity of the
the

the season and the tumult of the tempest, when we were fortunately taken up by a convoy of merchantmen, and carried into the Cove of Cork. I was soon safely landed in Waterford, totally despoiled of every thing but a few valuables, which I usually carried about my person, having left in the wreck property to the amount nearly of half a million of money. I hastened on the wings of affection to embrace my aged relative, the good Forbes; if he yet lived, which I was doubtful of, as I had not heard from him for some time previous to my leaving Bengal; yet the asylum their cottage afforded, was the only one I had in view for myself and child. I had fortunately, long before my embarkation, sent, in consignments to my grandfather, nearly a thousand pounds; and I hoped, ere this sum was expended, to procure myself some employment, by which I might gain a
subsist-

subsistence. I left my sweet Clara at the inn at Port Patrick, and proceeded on foot towards the cottage of my grandsire. The night was far advanced before I reached the place of my destination; the wind whistled shrilly around my head, and my heart was agitated with a thousand distracting emotions; every passion which had before agonized my mind, again passed in review before me; I shuddered at the precipice I had so fortunately escaped; the cottage appeared lighted up in an unusual manner; and, on a nearer approach, I could faintly distinguish the sound of voices, which died away, or were sunk in silence by the louder noise of the whirlwind; again an interval of the storm permitted me to listen, and my heart fearfully acknowledged the sound to be that of human voices singing the Corapack, or funeral dirge.—“Alas! who,” cried I, wildly striking

my clenched hand against my forehead, and gnashing my teeth, in all the bitterness of despair, "Alas! who so wretched as Netterville? God of my fathers support and save me!" I leaned against a tree, being for some moments unable to stand. All the passions of my soul, which I had so long laboured to subdue, appeared again to rage in my bosom, and I rushed towards the house, determined at once to end all suspense. My entrance was stopped by a scene which now presented itself to my view; the cottage was thronged with females, who, with naked feet and black robes, were kneeling around the corpse of poor Forbes, for he was indeed no more. At a distance, concealed in part by a dark corner of the room, her head shrouded in a kerchief, and her body bent in an attitude of fervent devotion, was the unfortunate Agnes, enfeebled by age, long suffer-
ings

ings and disease. She had survived almost every hope, and now appeared mildly to wait for that stroke which should reunite her to the object of her affection. I could not, I dared not approach, to interrupt the dignity of her grief; and taking advantage of the obscurity in which the entrance was involved, hastily quitted the house, waiting without for the departure of the funeral procession, which I soon joined, and sadly followed, as it slowly pursued its way along the windings of a rivulet to the ruins of a Gothic abbey, in which place were reposed the remains of my good and venerable grandfather. It was the last scene of a life marked by misfortune; it was a lesson to my sad heart; and I bowed with submission to the will of Heaven.— I returned to the cottage of Agnes. I made myself known to her; and, I flatter myself, I added to the comforts

of her latter days. The sweet frolicks of my Clara, who was now twelve months old, and could run alone, won on her affections, and she became the sole amusement of us both;—but the thread of Agnes's existence was nearly spun, and she died in my arms a few weeks after, (leaving me her whole property, which amounted to eight hundred pounds) and soon after, a nobleman, with whom I had formerly been acquainted in the East Indies, by his interest, procured me the situation which I now occupy, and to which I immediately removed.

CHAP. VII.

" Just as the tender hope begins to rise,
" As the fond mother hugs her darling boy,
" As the big rapture trembles in the eye,
" And the heart throbs with all a parent's joy."

ABOUT a month after I had been quietly settled at Bamborough, I took a journey northwards, to make some enquiries respecting Adeliza. Every spot which I traversed brought to my recollection the happy days of youthful innocence and simplicity; every well-known object presented to my view the memory of lost and absent friends, dear and valuable associates, from whom I had been long separated, and whom in

all the vicissitudes of life I had never ceased to regret. Oh! how did my heart palpitate when I anticipated the delight I should experience could I once more behold the beloved features of my sister. "At least," cried I, enraptured at the idea, "I can fold her lovely offspring to my bosom; as a stranger I may be permitted to clasp to my beating heart the children of my Adeliza: I may trace in their innocent countenances the resemblance of their highly prized mother; and then, if death has not dissolved the tie by which she is bound, I will tear myself from them for ever, and, returning to Bam-borough, will find enough of consolation and society in the affection of my Clara: she alone can make life desirable; she is my world—with her I will wear away existence, and her arm shall support me in the hour of dissolution. Blessed angel! can I fail to find in thy
cherub

cherub smiles that serenity years have contributed to embitter !”

On enquiry I discovered that Mr. Nugent had no family, and that his disposition was so uncommonly jealous, morose, and tyrannical, that any attempt on my part towards an interview with Mrs. Nugent without his knowledge, would, if discovered, in all probability cloud her future days ; and I had fortitude enough to prefer her peace of mind to my own, as I had resolutely determined no consideration should tempt me to present myself before Mr. Nugent, thus humbled by adversity. So, after lingering some time in their neighbourhood, in the vain hope of accidentally catching a glance of her person, I returned again to Bamborough. I found my darling much improved in health and intelligence, and more than ever endeared to my sad heart by this short absence. Sweet was the cherub smile.

which always lighted up her countenance on my approach—affectionate her early caresses—and oh! how indescribably winning were her attempts to discover her fondness for me!—O God! never shall I forget the rapturous emotion I experienced one morning, at being awakened out of my sleep by the soft pressure of her lips; finding she remained unnoticed, she repeated the action, until unable longer to contain the overflowings of my full heart, I caught and pressed her to my bosom a thousand and a thousand times; then would the sweet angel lay her little head on my breast, and look up in my face with a countenance whose every feature expressed the playful emotions of affection and infantine happiness; sometimes would she smack her little lips, as if expecting me to dance her on my knee, as I had been accustomed to, then seat herself upon my breast, and suddenly

denly rising, pretend to fall on the bed, as if unable to stand, and looking in my face, crow delightedly, as if demanding my admiration of her agility. The sun never rose upon a fairer flower. Nature had framed her disposition in the happiest mould; health bloomed on her countenance, vivacity sparkled in her eye, activity and mirth were her constant companions. At eve, when I retired to rest, her form presented itself to my mind's eye, her smile floated before my imagination during the visions of the night, and morning again gave her to my arms, arrayed in her native loveliness, and cloathed in all the multitude of attractions which the fond eye of parental affection never fails to impute to a dear and only child. How often have I figured to myself this darling of my heart proudly rising to pre-eminence: how often have I imagined her no longer placed in the humble scene in

G 5

which.

which she now moved, no longer known only as the obscure daughter of an individual, but the proudly acknowledged descendant of the family of Campbell: how often have I painted to myself the sister of my soul, stepping forth, and stretching out her hand to raise my drooping lily!—Alas! vain and futile are the wishes of mortals! It pleased the Almighty, my son, (no doubt for wise purposes) to deprive me of my last hope! it pleased him, by slow and imperceptible degrees, to wean me from a world I had once loved too well. Link by link the chain which connected me with mankind was broken—and my separation from this last ligament rent every fibre of my heart! Yes! my Clara is no more!—My tender, delicate lamb, who had always been accustomed to a warm climate, suffered sensibly from the severity of the weather in this country: and about the middle of January

January a severe frost setting in, it affected her lungs; a fever ensued: and I was informed that scarcely any hope of her recovery remained! Medicine was racked to invent new remedies—alas! in vain! every effort towards her relief was ineffectual—and in a short time I beheld my last treasure stretched on that bed, from which she was destined never again to rise! Then it was that I discovered how indescribably dear she was to my fond heart—then it was that I beheld with horror her little arms stretched in vain towards me, as if imploring my assistance; I saw her lovely blue eyes fixed upon me in the hour of dissolution—I heard my name pronounced in the moment of most severe suffering—I saw death approach with rapid strides, and nature, no longer able to sustain herself, sink in the mortal conflict! I saw the convulsion of death gradually extend itself over her fragile form! and even in

this *last* moment I heard, or imagined I heard, the angel pronounce my name

‘it was a last effort of expiring nature,’ and my heart tells me it was no illusion! Yes, my beloved treasure! we shall meet again—I shall again behold thee ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, where the weary are at rest!’—a little, a very little time, and the mercy of God, and the merits of our Saviour, shall reunite us! Sometimes I imagine that my sweet blossom was sensible of my undeviating affection for her; I sometimes think she attempted to make known her own! Yet I rejoice that she was too young to be conscious of my affliction—too young to be sensible that our separation would be eternal.* Ah! think not that an affliction

* It is the observation of a worthy Divine, that when you are deprived of any of those blessings which the Father of Light (from whom cometh down

fiction like this passed lightly away!—
No ; though I was certain of my child's

down every perfect gift), once allowed us to call our own ; our pleasures, indeed, are abridged, but the change which we feel, will appear to us to arise from our experience of the divine goodness, the more precious the gift was in our eyes, and the longer we were permitted to retain it, the more largely we have tasted of the loving kindness of him, by whom it was bestowed, and over against the many days of sorrow, which you conceive to lay before you, you will think it fair to set the many hours of tranquility and pleasure with which that possession has cheered the house of your pilgrimage. " He soothes your anguish (continues the writer we have before quoted) by that healing power time possesses ; he raises up other objects of affliction, or other cares, which by a happy distraction turns away your minds from that over which you would wish to brood ! Precious in the sight of the Lord are the tears of his saints ! and if this over-ruling providence should visit you with any of those complications of personal and domestic misfortunes, by which he trieth the faith of his people ; ye shall know that tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, and experience hope."

felicity,

felicity, though I resigned myself to the will of the Almighty, and endeavoured to think, "it was good for me to be afflicted," yet I could not cease to regret her; every object which presented itself to my view, served only to remind me of my loss. I could not but remember, "that such things were, and were most precious to me," Alas! those days, were indeed for ever "fled, when the thoughts of again beholding her awoke me to joy, when I regarded the light with a feeling approaching to exstacy, and when during the rest of the day I was happy!" Yes, solitude was indeed happiness; when blessed with her society lassitude fled at her approach—in her presence I felt my youth renewed; how often have I with rapture flung myself on the ground, to see my sweet cherub follow, and wantonly throw herself upon me; how often have I beheld her with a disinterestedness unusual in children.

even of her age, give to every one present, sweet-meats I had procured for her; and even at this present moment fancy presents her to my view, lifting up her little mouth towards me, when I have requested her to signify her wishes by a kiss. Sad, my son, was the reverse I now experienced, yet to me alone did the fate of my Clara make any material difference; my neighbours pursued their labours with their usual alacrity; the sun shone with a mild radiance, denoting the return of spring—Alas! the universal gaiety of nature saddened and distracted me, I sat myself down in my solitary apartment; I pictured my Clara sporting beside me, and then gave vent to the anguish of my soul in wild and imperfect verse:—

STEAL

STEAL softly, O ye winds, where my Clara is laid;
 And lie lightly, O earth! on her breast;
 Let no mortal unhallow'd with footsteps invade
 The sad spot where my darling finds rest.

Lovely smile, of my sweet one, oh where art thou
 flow'n?

On thy face no mild bloom now appears,
 For the lily was cropp'd e're the roses were blown,
 And this cheek is deep furrow'd with tears.

Heavy sighs from a heart, sick with anguish op-
 press'd,

And sad tears shall continue to flow,
 Till I join thee, dear Clara, in mansions of rest,
 And resign pain, and sorrow, and woe.

Glad all nature, shall hail the return of the spring,
 Lovely innocent childhood be gay,
 While each look and each gambol, to fancy shall bring
 My dear Clara, the queen of the May.

When mankind are at rest, and when labour is o'er,
 And when nature is sunk in repose,
 Then I think of my Clara, my Clara no more,
 Whose sweet cheek bore the bloom of the rose.

In

In the glare of the day, and in visions of night,
Still in fancy my Clara I see,
And when deep sunk in slumber, an angel of light,
Fondly picture my Clara to be.

Sweetly sportive her fondness, how playful her smile,
How my heart was elated with joy;
How deceptive was hope, who alkid to beguile,
Base delighting my bliss to destroy.

O my Clara! no more shall thy form with delight,
Fond be press'd to the bosom of love;
O, no more shall thy voice break the silence of night!
For thou reignest an angel above.

Where's the joy and the comfort I once could
receive,
Where's the heart full of mirth and of glee?
Where's the song and the dance which enliven'd
the eve,
When my Clara was present to see?

What in morn can delight, what in eve can rejoice,
Naught can Clara my fondling restore;
Can the mute ear of rapture attend to her voice?
That sweet voice will be never heard more.

Ah!

Ah! no longer thy music, my Clara, can charm,
And no longer thy gambols I see;
No paternal affection this bosom can warm,
All is lost, my best treasure in thee.

O fond dreams of felicity, where are you gone?
O sad anguish, thy seat is my heart;
O sweet child of affection, no more to be known,
On this earth we are destin'd to part.

Wast thou beautiful? lovely as angels of light?
Yes, emblem of cherubim sweet!
Shall I see thee again? yes, our hearts shall unite,
And our joy be unceasing and great.

For to realms of true glory thy spirit is flown,
There from sorrow and pain to be free,
There to meet the Almighty, and face to face known.
His bless'd son, thy Redeemer, to see.

In felicity great, shall thy innocence rest,
And delight in glad mansions of joy;
While the pang of regret shall still heave in this
breast,
And memory its pleasure destroy.

Lovely Clara, my fondling, sweet child of delight!
Now bless'd Clara, for ever adieu!
For my sun is o'er-clouded, with me it is night,
What is life, since deprived of you.

Sick:

Sick of the world and its disappointments, I now turned my mind towards the duties of religion, and the performance of my business in my newly acquired station. And here, my son, suffer me to remark to you, that time and after-experience have convinced me, that my piety was not, as it ought to have been, a rational, wide, and expanded stream, which, having its source in the goodness of Providence, branched out in overflowings of charity towards mankind—alas ! far from it ! it became, from my solitary situation, and the misfortunes of my past life, strongly tinged with enthusiasm : it was morbid, gloomy, and unsocial. Desolate and forlorn, I became superstitious ; my affections gradually concentrated in myself, and my heart being continually occupied by, and filled with its own sorrows, ceased to feel for that of others. It is nearly impossible to describe the
apathy.

apathy which at times pervaded my mind: the acute misery I had so long endured appeared to have produced a kind of weariness or lassitude, and by straining every nerve and faculty beyond its natural tensility, had reduced it to a state of torpor and inactivity nearly approaching to imbecility.—I erected a monument in the chapel of the castle to the memory of my darling; daily, hourly, nightly, did I visit it, and pour out my soul in orisons to the Omnipotent. It was consecrated with tears of the tenderest affection and deepest affliction: it was the witness of my ardent and unfeigned devotion. Here did I first pray for the blessing of resignation—and here did I first learn to humble my heart to the dispensations of Providence—and here I received consolation! I delighted in the idea of perpetuating the memory of the innocence.

cence I lamented; and I placed on the monument the following inscription :—

Sacred to the Memory of Infant Innocence, which quitted this World for a better, on the 30th of January, 1777, aged 16 Months.

LOVELY infant born to die,
Heir of immortality !
Child of sorrow, child of care,
Where's thy fleeting spirit—where ?

Gone from earth to realms of joy,
Gone to bliss without alloy,
Gone to smile in heav'nly rest,
Gone to sleep on mercy's breast.

Beck'ning angels point my way,
To regions of eternal day ;
Kindred spirits fondly greet,
Thy approach, at mercy's seat.

Sixteen moons thy sand was done,
Sixteen moons thy race was run ;
Short thy date, yet thou shalt gain,
Life from death, and joy from pain.

Human cares, and sorrows o'er,
Thou shalt smile to weep no more,
Vain thy father's ardent prayer,
Vain his tears, his fond despair.

Vain

Vain alas! this anxious grief,
Sorrow could not bring relief;
God the Lord, had fix'd thy doom,
Child of mis'ry, in the tomb.

There to rest, till Christ shall cry—

“ Rise to immortality !

“ Cast thy cumb'ring flesh away,

“ Rise, behold eternal day.

“ Cast off earth, and earthly sin,

“ I have cleans'd thy cup within ;

“ I have purg'd from fleshly lust,

“ Lie no longer in the dust.

“ Vital spirit, quick arise,

“ View thy mansion in the skies ;

“ Christ has fix'd thy seat above,

“ Bosom'd in Almighty love !”——

It was at this crisis in my destiny, if
I may so call it, when the mind, wearied
by much action (like the sea after a vio-
lent storm), was suddenly calm, that
the Almighty presented you to my
view, and raised up to me a son in my
old age; ‘ Blessed be the Lord for his
goodness, and the wonders that he
doeth

doeth for the children of men. It was on the 30th of January, 1778, exactly twelve months after the loss of my beautiful child, that having risen earlier than usual, visited the chapel, and offered up my accustomed devotions at the tomb of my lost treasure, I felt a serene satisfaction diffuse itself over my mind, and I wandered towards the sea-shore, in gratefulness of heart, blessing God for the composure he had given me. The preceding night had been particularly stormy, and I now perceived a small fishing smack bearing towards land, to all appearance destitute of compass to steer, or hands to row her into port, but as it were veering to and fro with every gale, and seemingly much damaged by the preceding night's storm. I immediately determined to use all possible means for her preservation; but while all the hands we could muster were putting off with this intention,

Providence frustrated their hopes, and a sudden squall springing up, blew her so violently towards land, that before they could possibly reach her, she struck upon a rock on that side of the beach immediately opposite the Farn Islands. After many fruitless attempts, some of our men got on board, and soon returned with yourself and a few ship's stores, which was every thing of value which they could discover. You were folded in a costly mantle, which I have ever since carefully preserved, in hopes that it might one day lead to the discovery of your birth. O Lewisham ! my heart from the first moment I beheld you, yearned towards you, and it gradually dilated as I fixed my eyes on your innocent face, until the genial current which had been so long repressed, became too much for my labouring heart, and I burst into a violent flood of tears. You appeared at that time to be nearly
seven

seven months old. I now formed the resolution of becoming a parent to you, for I had no wish to discover those who had so cruelly deserted you until your mind should be formed and your judgment matured: in all probability they were undeserving of you, since they could be tempted to forsake you. I recalled to my memory that time when neither the convulsions of the elements, or the expostulations of my companions, had power to tear my Clara from my fond arms, when fortune, and even life itself, was considered as a small sacrifice in competition with the preservation of my darling—when I had vowed either to carry her with me into the long-boat, or, trusting to the mercy of the storm, remain with her on board the wreck. O! then it was that I experienced the powerful effects of parental happiness, when commanded to bring

my treasure along with me, how did I offer up my thanks to the Almighty for turning the hearts of my comrades! how did I press my fondling to my throbbing bosom, and watch every turn of her expressive countenance! and how did I shelter and support her from the severity of the weather!—At this moment you stretched out your little arm towards me—I once more grew interested in life, and reconciled to the world. Days, months, years, now rapidly advanced, unmarked by any material occurrence. You improved in understanding, in beauty, and goodness: I loved you with more than parental regard—you repaid my affection: you quitted me for the prosecution of your studies at the University—you returned, and again left me. The period is now nearly arrived when I propose you shall enter into life; ere that time I design
to

to visit London. I have still some friends—to you, my son, their patronage may be useful. I am old, and life in its best stage, is uncertain—if I should never behold you again, these memoirs may be useful to you. I trust the sun of happiness may shine on you with a more certain and lasting beam than that which only faintly, and at long and distant intervals, irradiated the path of your friend ! Alas ! my son, perfect felicity is the lot of immortality ! Be virtuous—and that will bring you peace in your last hour. Lewisham ! I have educated you in habits of morality : I have inculcated in your young mind the precepts of religion and virtue : God has gifted you with talents and understanding—O cast not away his bounty !

And now, having brought my readers safely to the conclusion of the lieute-

nant's history, I shall refer them to the next chapter for Lewisham's reflections on it.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

“ Beauty like ice, our footing does betray ;
“ Who can tread sure, on the smooth slippery way ?
“ Pleas’d with the passage, we slide quickly on,
“ And see the dangers which we cannot shun.”

WITH a mind harrassed, and oppressed by the manuscript he had recently perused, Lewisham threw himself into bed, unable to form any decided determination with regard to his future disposition ; but resolving that no consideration should tempt him to remain any longer at the Castle, or to put himself under an obligation to such a being as Nugent ; he recollected with gratitude, the kind attention of Miss Nugent, and felt the most generous and lively concern at the hard fate of the unfortunate Adeliza ; and while revolv-

ing in his mind many plans for futurity, “tired Nature’s sweet restorer” came to his relief; and he slept soundly until a late hour of the following morning; when hastily slipping on his cloaths, and taking a slight repast, he was quitting the Castle, with the intention of purchasing himself a horse, having determined that should be his mode of travelling; and purposing to leave his baggage to the care of one of the domestics, until he should be able to ascertain where he was likely to settle himself. At the door of his apartment however, he was met by the abigail of Miss Nugent, who, wishing him the compliments of the morning, slipped a letter into his hand, and abruptly retired.—Netterville immediately returned to his own room, and hastily breaking the seal, he found it contain the following words:—

“ TO MR. NETTERVILLE.

“ MISS NUGENT recommends Mr. Netterville to use all possible expedition in conveying himself towards London ; where, if he will take the trouble to call at the house of Lord Newark in Cavendish Square, Miss Nugent is well assured ~~he~~ will meet with a kind reception. She has taken the liberty of inclosing a small bill, which was due from her to the effects of his late patron, and wishes him a pleasant journey, and the full enjoyment of health, until she shall again have the pleasure of his society ; at the same time assuring Mr. Netterville, she feels herself too deeply interested in his welfare, not to rejoice in the prospect of a future meeting when she goes to town in the winter.”

“Amiable generosity!” exclaimed Lewisham, as he folded this note, and placed it in his pocket-book; at the same time determining to follow the directions it contained. “What patterns for the female world are two such women, as Mrs. and Miss Nugent!”—at this moment his heart painfully reminded him of two others, who might, and *did* equal them in his estimation.—“Alas!” cried he, “perhaps I shall never behold either the amiable Clara or her good mother again; yet my heart can never fail to remember their goodness with the most lively and fervent gratitude!” He now pursued his intention of purchasing a Rozinante; and, having procured one, he settled his departure for the following morning. It was not without regret that he quitted Bamborough; the remembrance of his revered friend and benefactor stole over his mind; and melancholy,

choly, notwithstanding his improved prospects, saddened his heart ; yet he rejoiced to have left far behind him the despicable Nugent, who, notwithstanding his large property, could meanly sue for the situation of Commandant at Bamborough. Nor do I, gentle reader, by my silence mean to infer, that our hero was stoic enough not to examine the inclosure which Miss Nugent's note had enveloped ; far from it, for, on the first glance, he discovered its value to be fifty pounds ; and having, as I have before observed, placed it in his pocket-book, he resolved to exert his utmost to deserve so high a distinction, and to prove to Lord Newark, that he was not unworthy of Miss Nugent's recommendation. In compliance with what he imagined to be that lady's wish, he made no effort to thank her, or express his gratitude, deferring it till he should

have the satisfaction of meeting her in London.

I shall leave descriptions of high-roads to Mr. Paterson, and descriptions of adventures to be met with upon them, to other ingenious and lively writers, and shall only content myself with matter of fact, and simply add, that Netterville was not intercepted by highwaymen, and that he retained to the end of his journey the undisturbed possession of all his little property, and arrived late in the evening at the — hotel—and thus made his first *debut* into the grand metropolis. Methinks I hear my male readers exclaim (if any such I have), “What a quiz! never been in London!—Devil take it, a pretty sort of a hero!—quite a fresh one!” and so on. But I beg these gentlemen to recollect, that Lewisham was a member of the University of Oxford; and shall further inform them,
that

that though he had never been in London, he had passed through most of the examinations previous to being admitted into holy orders with honour to himself, and had received universal applause both from his examiners, his competitors, and his contemporaries—which is more than, I fear, many of our modern fine gentlemen can say of themselves!——But I beg pardon for this *almost unpardonable* digression.

Lewisham, finding himself much fatigued, took a light repast, and hastened to rest, meditating on his probable reception from Lord Newark, the succeeding day. Here he was doomed to experience a disappointment, for he was told, on presenting himself in Cavendish-square, that his lordship and family had set out for a seat in the north a few days before, and were not expected in town for nearly two months. This was, it seems, a circumstance quite out of

Miss Nugent's calculation, for knowing that his lordship usually spent his winters in London, she had contented herself simply with writing him a letter in favour of her young protegee, requesting for him his lordship's patronage and protection.—Lewisham bore this disappointment with some degree of fortitude; and, after requesting the house-keeper to retain any letters which might arrive in Cavendish-square addressed to him, he departed to provide himself with a convenient residence until his lordship's return. In the course of his morning ramble, he happened to see a board up at a neat-looking house, and walked in to take a view of the ready furnished apartment therein mentioned, and before two o'clock was quietly settled in his new habitation, having paid a month in advance, in consequence of not being able to refer to any one with regard to his responsibility. As he

he was carelessly leaning out of a front window, debating how he should spend the remainder of the day, a footman rapped at the door, and presented Captain Latimer's compliments, and requested, if he was disengaged, he would partake of a family dinner at four o'clock. Lewisham returned a polite answer in the affirmative; and at the time appointed was ushered into the first floor apartment, where sat Captain and Mrs. Latimer. Captain Latimer was a sensible and polite man, and appeared to possess a fund of good humour, and to have acquired a great knowledge of the world. Mrs. Latimer was a very beautiful woman, whose person appeared to be her least recommendation; yet at times her manners were tinctured with a degree of freedom, which did not at all accord with the rusticity of Lewisham's opinions. However, he began to think this must be entirely

tirely owing to his own ignorance of the world, and that this freedom might be only the high polish of a town education. The evening was spent at the theatre, and an engagement formed between the gentlemen for the following morning. Lewisham grew every day more pleased with the conversation of Captain Latimer, and his lady insensibly gained on his good opinion; in short, at the end of a fortnight he became almost one of the family. He generally spent his mornings with the captain, and when prior engagements prevented the latter from spending his evenings at home, he would request that his absence might not deprive Mrs. Latimer of his friendly society. Lewisham felt the lady's attractions; he also felt his own danger, yet had not fortitude to fly from her allurements. Pity for her neglected state also involved him in numerous little offices of attention, in

which he perceived his friend deficient; and these, while the one insensibly became every day more indifferent, the other, equally unconscious of his motives and wishes, increased in his assiduities. In so seducing a situation, even Clara Walsingham was for a time forgotten; or if remembered, remembered only like the visions of the night, which leave but a faint impression on the waking fancy. Mrs. Latimer's company, like a magnet, fixed all his thoughts towards herself: he was seldom a day without seeing her, and when any unavoidable engagement prevented the possibility of being with her, he could not but acknowledge to himself that he sensibly felt the deprivation. Mrs. Latimer now put on a pensive and melancholy countenance, and our hero had several times surprised her in tears, which she reluctantly confessed to him were excited by the unkind neglect she had of late experienced from

from her husband. "Ah!" cried she, "had Heaven blessed me with the power of fixing the roving heart of that changeable creature, man—could I believe any of his sex capable of a sincere and constant affection!——" Lewisham now pressed her hand tenderly, which he held between his, and assured her that he felt himself as capable of a constant and sincere affection, as he hoped to convince her he was of the most pure and lasting friendship. Mrs. Latimer sighed—Lewisham echoed it—the lady burst into a flood of tears. Gentle reader! can you doubt the effects of a flood of tears from the eyes of a beautiful woman on the heart of a young, romantic, and susceptible boy? He lost in that moment his self-command—he threw himself at the feet of Mrs. Latimer, who, in the tender effervescence of sorrow, reclined her head on his bosom: while folding his arms
around

around her, he seated her in a window, and kissed off the orient pearls which stole down her lovely cheeks—when chancing to glance his eye towards the window, he discovered, standing in the one opposite to him, the exact resemblance of his once loved Clara Walsingham ! The fair vision appeared to regard him with a look of the deepest concern. He started—but she turned away her head, and he saw her no more. “ For Heaven’s sake,” cried he, “ tell me who is the owner of the opposite house—and who was the lady I just now beheld at the window ? ” Mrs. Latimer answered by a violent shower of tears, and in the wildest manner began to reproach Lewisham for his unkindness to her who had convinced him there was no sacrifice too great for her unchangeable affection ;—but Netterville was now fortunately awakened to the danger of his own situation—and hastily pressing her hand,

hand, he rushed with precipitation out of her presence, and retiring to his own apartment, began to call himself to a severe account for his reprehensible conduct :—"And thus," cried he, "I have, by an unpardonable levity, lost not only my own internal approbation; but I have lost the good opinion of Miss Walsingham—perhaps for ever!" He now formed the resolution of residing no longer in the same house with so dangerous a syren; and determined, as the only reparation he could make to Captain Latimer, to confess candidly his own dangerous partiality for his wife, carefully avoiding at the same time every circumstance that could inform that gentleman of Mrs. Latimer's predilection for him. That gentleman soon returned—and, to Lewisham's astonishment, the moment he began his intended confession, burst into a violent fit of laughter: "And so, my good fellow,"
cried

cried he, as soon as he could sufficiently compose his countenance, "this is the occasion, I presume, of that devilish long face!—well, make yourself perfectly easy upon that score—we shall cut no throats about it; nor shall I regret any termination you may have in your tete-a-tete with Fanny. By Heavens! the little devil has been playing a fine game between us both, and finding nothing but the sentimental would go down with your honour, has affected," continued he, (throwing himself into a despairing attitude) "the neglected, tender, amiable, suffering matron, who, though loving her present adorer to distraction, prefers death to dishonour, and banishes him from her presence for ever! Well, my lad, never fear, you shall have her—for, to tell you a *truism*, I have been deucedly tired of her a long time, and the sooner I'm rid of her extravagance the better."—"I have no wish,"

wish," said Lewisham, much hurt at the depravity evinced in his friend, "I have no wish, Mr. Latimer, to run headlong into depravity and profligacy, much less, to intrigue with a married woman!" Captain Latimer now laughed more than before, and Lewisham feeling himself ill-treated, attempted to quit the room; but Latimer standing in the doorway, besought him to have a little patience, and hear his defence. "Upon my soul," continued he, "I wish with all my heart I was half as good as you, for I cannot but acknowledge you are a charming fellow; yet believe me when I assure you, I am at this moment as independent as yourself, and that, on the word of a man of honour and a gentleman, I am unmarried! Nor can I accuse myself with being the seducer of innocence and virtue: I became acquainted with Miss De Par (the cidevant Mrs. Latimer) in the purlieus of Covent-

Covent-garden, and she readily accepted my offer, and favoured me with her company. The connection between us is now about to be dissolved, for I am on the look-out for a wife ; this the little gipsy well knows, and perhaps only wished to secure your attention, and herself a residence before our separation. I now leave you at perfect liberty to act as you think proper.—I have been,” concluded he, “ a wild and inconsiderate fellow ; but I hope I shall turn over a new leaf now I intend to be married : ‘ a reformed rake,’ you know——” “ I fear,” answered Lewisham, “ that our passions and actions depend a great deal upon the habit ; and if I was a woman, I should be fearful of trusting you ; beside, what gratification can it be to the delicate mind to enjoy the society of a man who has spent the best part of his days, the meridian of his manhood, with the most impure
and

and vicious of the female sex?—can the associate of vice be uncontaminated?”—“ Well, my good fellow,” cried Latimer; “ perhaps you are right. I wish I had always thought and acted as you do.”—“ You would have little occasion to boast of your conduct then, I fear,” said Lewisham: “ but I am glad we are come to a right understanding.” “ And we part friends, I hope?” said Latimer. “ Most assuredly.” “ Then you have nothing to say to Fanny?” asked Latimer, smiling. “ No,” replied our hero, in the same gay manner; “ believe me when I say, that all my admiration of her person and manners was entirely at an end the moment I discovered the one to be held up to barter, and the other only assumed, the better to allure the unsuspecting.—Adieu! I shall be happy to renew our acquaintance when you become a Benedict; but I shall not visit you while
that

that lady is your companion." So saying, he hastily shook hands, and ran down stairs, having before settled every previous arrangement with his landlady, and ordered his things to be carried to a convenient lodging which he had hired a few doors off, as he determined not to quit the neighbourhood until he could have an opportunity of seeing and speaking to Clara.

Day after day elapsed, however, and he was still disappointed. He at length began to imagine he must have been mistaken. He now learnt that Lord Newark was expected in a few days; and the arrival of a letter from Miss Nugent, filled his mind with a thousand pleasurable sensations, for she bade him be under no anxiety concerning his future fortune, as it should be her care to supply to him every deficiency; and that henceforth she should consider him as her son; and to convince her that he
held

held her friendship in some estimation, she commanded him to apply to his immediate use a twenty-pound note which she inclosed in the letter.

CHAP. IX.

"Hope! of all ills, that men endure,

"Thou only cheap, and universal cure :

"Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health ;

"Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth ;

"Thou manna, which from Heaven we eat,

"To every taste—a universal meat!"

THE next time Lewisham called in Cavendish Square he experienced another disappointment; for he was informed the indisposition of Lady Newark had prevented the return of the family, and that it was now quite uncertain when they would be in town. The letter so recently received from Miss Nugent prevented this intelligence from giving him any serious uneasiness; and he returned again to his lodgings,

to meditate, at leisure, on *that* image, which so fortunately presented itself to his view, and so providentially saved him from the seduction of Miss Le Par, who he could now scarcely bear to think of. He at length decided, that it could be nothing but the power of imagination which had led him to believe a stranger, who accidentally stood in an opposite window, was Miss Walsingham—for Clara, he doubted not, still remained at K——; and even supposing she were removed from thence, what a strange concatenation of untoward events must have occurred, to bring her to his view, at the only time in his life, when her presence could have been productive of pain. Yet the evidence of facts could not be controverted by all the sophistry he was master of; and his eyes were often turned involuntarily towards the street, as if recurring to his former opinion, and in expectation

expectation of again beholding the fair vision. The fact again occurred—for he again saw her leaning out of a post-chaise opposite the window, giving some orders to a footman; she was habited in deep mourning, and appeared much paler and thinner than when he had last beheld her: there was also, he imagined, an air of dejection diffused over her countenance, and it immediately struck him that the good Mrs. Walsingham was no more.—“Alas!” cried he, “what a trial have you had to encounter, dear and amiable Clara; why was I not with you at that moment to speak words of consolation; why was not I permitted to evince my true, my unalterable regard for you?”—a loud rap at the door interrupted his soliloquy, and Captain Latimer presented himself before him: “I am come,” cried he, gaily, “to inform you, that Miss Le Par has chosen herself another Cicisbeo,

and that you are now at liberty to return my visits, and further, to let you know, that my reformation is in a fair way of coming to a prosperous issue—for I am in the high road towards matrimony”—

“Then I am to infer, that the high road to matrimony is the road to reformation,” said Lewisham, smiling.—“O, assuredly,” answered his friend: “Come, look at this delightful letter I have received from my uncle.”—“I never heard, ’till now, that you had an uncle,” said Lewisham.—“O, as to that,” said Latimer, “I have both an uncle and aunt, and a cousin, and—but come, read my letter—you will presently see the reason of my being favoured with it.—I assure you, my “Belle Ange” is a most delightful little creature, as ever you saw.”—Lewisham opened the letter, and read as follows—

“MY

"MY DEAR GEORGE,

"I AM honoured, as well as flattered, by your communications, with regard to your sentiments and opinions of my ward, whom I have never yet seen: if I am to believe the general report of the world, it is all in her favour, and you confirm me in this pleasing idea; yet I must allow for the partial warmth of a lover; I could not wish you to form an alliance with a more amiable character than was the mother of your fair one; and, with such a bright pattern to form her youth, can she fail to ornament any family she may hereafter choose to enter? Her fortune, also, is well worthy of your consideration; at the death of old Nutcombe it will be still more so—yet, Latimer, if you should be a successful candidate for her favour, I expect every delicate attention on your part, and the intire disso-

lution of every degrading connection—I will not have her peace of mind trifled with—my daughter she is by adoption, and I will watch over her happiness with more than parental tenderness; I am indebted for all mine to her family, and will, to this sole surviving branch of it, faithfully discharge the debt.—That you may be worthy of, and obtain hers, is the sincere wish of

“Your affectionate uncle,

“NEWARK.”

“Then Lord Newark is your uncle?” said Lewisham, putting down the letter, without making any other comment.—“Yes,” replied Latimer, “his lordship is certainly my uncle—is there any thing so extraordinary in that? Are you acquainted with him?”—“Not personally,” said Lewisham; “but his character has been represented to me
by

by the partiality of friendship, in very glowing colours, and I am now whiling away the time until his lordship's arrival shall point out to me what line of life he thinks it adviseable for me to adopt."—"I can only tell you, then," said Latimer, "that I think you a happy fellow; for if your fortune depends on his lordship's patronage, it is made at once—for you are exactly the character to suit him—so grave, so sentimental, and so demure, and your person so prepossessing—Devil take it, if I do not think you are extremely like him—So you will allow," continued he, "that his lordship must be considered remarkably handsome."—Lewisham made a low bow, and desired he would proceed to describe his lordship's family. "Lady Newark is a good, and amiable woman, a little the worse for age," continued he, "and sometimes much addicted to the penseroso; and the son

is a fine youth, who is generally well spoken of—the last of all, “but not the least in our dear loves” comes the ward; she is, I am told, soon to reside in the family, but I shall describe her by negatives; she is neither too fair, or too dark, too young, or too old, too short, or too tall, too fat, or too lean, neither too rich, or too poor—but she is a bright constellation of charms and graces, and a blessing which I modestly hope is intended by fate and fortune for the arms of your humble servant. So I bar all love-making in that quarter—for, by Jove, I could not bear a rival!”—Lewisham smiled, and Latimer went on, placing his hand on his breast, in a theatrical manner—

“No, the power of love
In earth, in air, in heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod,
By daily miracles, proclaim a God.
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind,
And moulds, and stamps anew the lover’s mind!”

“Yes,”

"Yes," said Lewisham, but you know that Butler observes—

"Quoth he, to bid me not to love

Is to forbid my pulse to move,

My beard to grow, my ears to prick up,

Or, when I'm in a fit, to pickup"—

"but I am really ashamed of the low-ness of my comparison on such a sub-lime occasion—so will say no more.—Where do you spend the day?"—"O I had quite forgot," said Latimer, "I came to request you would dine with me, and a few choice spirits, at the —." Lewisham giving his assent, Captain Latimer left him, and he sat down at the window, in hopes of again seeing Clara, ere the hour of his en-gagement arrived—he waited a long time in vain, and was at last obliged to hasten to the appointed rendezvous, evidently depressed at his ill success.—Latimer rallied him on his low spirits,

which Lewisham attempted to exhilarate with several glasses of wine during the time of dinner; and as soon as the cloth was removed, the whole party appeared to vie with one another, in their potent libations at the shrine of Bacchus. It was late ere they arose from table, when most of those who were yet able to walk, being now intirely bereft of the little prudence they usually possessed, sallied off to conclude the night at the gaming-table; while Captain Latimer, and a few others, remained at the —— for the night, being reduced to a state of imbecility.—Lewisham, emboldened by the quantity of wine he had drank, and still remembering the vision of the morning, determined to go to the house, in the window of which he had seen Miss Walsingham, when he hoped he should have an opportunity of speaking to her; on his knocking at the door, a servant answered

answered rather rudely, that no one could be admitted at that time of night.—“Be so good as to give my compliments to Miss Walsingham,” said Lewisham, “and request her to see me, if only for five minutes, I have matters of the highest importance to communicate to her.”—So it should seem, friend,” said the man, “by thy hurry, and the time of night, thou takest to reveal them; and who am I to say thou art?”—“My name is Netterville,” said Lewisham—the man having delivered the message, returned with Miss Walsingham’s compliments, and being retired to her own apartment, she could admit no visitor that night.—“By Heavens!” cried Lewisham, I must, and will see her!”—“I think thou art drunk, or mad, friend,” said the servant, “so I wish thee a good night”—and he quietly shut the door in the face of our hero, leaving him to meditate at leisure

the street ; where, having spent some time in all the agonies of unsuccessful passion, he quietly walked to his own lodgings, and flinging himself on the bed, soon sunk into a profound slumber.

The morning brought with it many sorrowful reflections, and a violent head-ache. He had just recollection enough of the past night's adventure, to know that he had been guilty of an insult to Miss Walsingham, the only person in the whole world who he most wished to interest in his favour ; how to counteract the effects of his own imprudence it was out of his power to determine ; yet he waited at home, in hopes that chance might present her to his view, when he resolved to make an apology in person. " Yet," cried he, " will she not think me abandoned to licentiousness and vice ; is not this the second time the divine Clara has been
a wit-

a witness of the impropriety of my conduct?" Hour after hour stole away, until at length his impatience became too great for controul, and he dispatched a porter with a short note, begging the favour of an interview, that he might in person offer some excuse for the impropriety of his conduct the past night. In a short time the porter returned, and brought only his own note inclosed in a blank cover; it was unopened. Lewisham was not a little mortified, yet he acknowledged the propriety with which she acted; he acknowledged, also, that had she done otherwise, he should not have felt his present veneration for her, and necessity obliged him to wait until chance should favour him, by accidentally throwing her in his way. Captain Latimer called soon after, and the countenance of Lewisham, which was a faithful index of his heart, revealed to that gentleman his

his inquietude. "Why, how now, my friend," cried he, "what is all this for? why, you look as if you were just come from a funeral;—what's the matter now?" "Why; to tell you the truth," replied Lewisham, "I am really ashamed of my last night's folly, and am determined never again to offend against the strict rules of temperance." "Why, what, in the name of fortune have you done?" asked Latimer, "picked up some Diana, I suppose, and introduced her to your lodgings, and so offended the delicacy of my Lady Paramount—Well, have I guess'd it?"—"No, indeed,"—replied Lewisham,— "but I will tell you: I was fool enough to demand admittance at the house of a lady of character, at a late hour in the night, and I fancy I exposed myself not a little; for, I recollect that her servant told me I was drunk." "O, never mind that, it was a trifle, a harmless.

less frolic," rejoined Latimer, "so dress yourself, as fast as possible, and come with me; my uncle returned last night, and I am resolved to be the first who shall present you to him." Lewisham complied with alacrity, and the gentlemen were soon set down in Cavendish-square. Lord Newark received his nephew with undisguised satisfaction, and Lewisham with politeness; his manners were perfectly unreserved and familiar; his person a model for the painter's imitation, as the dignified character of a nobleman. He mentioned Miss Nugent in very flattering terms; and Lewisham joined in her praises with enthusiastic rapture. Latimer smiled at his warmth, and said, "Ah! my friend, I see I need not have warned you not to become my rival; for you are attracted by more lasting charms than those of beauty—let me see—I think I have heard my mother

mother say, that she remembered your fair one, in 1779, a toast about Court—

“ For, alas! long before I was born,
My fair one had died of old age—
Ah, well-a-day! Oh, lack-a-day!
Well-a-day—Lack-a-day, oh!
For, alas! long before I was born,
My fair one had died of old age.”

“ I should then follow the fashion which has been set by a R——P——n——e,” said Lewisham; “ but a truce with this raillery—gratitude has made me sensible of the goodness of Miss Nugent’s character.” “ Well” replied Latimer, “ your gratitude must return the lady’s affection.” Lewisham smiled; and, having promised to spend the following day with Lord Newark, took his leave—Captain Latimer remaining in Cavendish-square. As he returned home, the first object which presented itself to his view, was a chaise standing at the door of the house

house in which he had seen Clara ; and he stationed himself in a shop adjoining, to have an opportunity of speaking to her :—the door soon after opening, he hastily advanced and presented himself before—not Clara, but an elderly lady, of no very prepossessing appearance ; Clara, however, followed ; and determined not to lose a chance which might not again offer, he exclaimed, as he seized her hand, “ How happy am I thus fortunately to encounter Miss Walsingham ! When, amiable Clara ! shall I be permitted the pleasure of paying my respects to you ?—Will you not permit me to offer some excuse for my apparently disrespectful conduct ? ” Clara made no reply. “ Will you not—charming Miss Walsingham, tell me when I may have the pleasure of waiting on you ? ” Clara withdrew her hand, as she ascended the step of the chaise :—“ It is totally out of my power, Mr.

Netter-

Netterville, to receive any visitor—"I cannot admit you;"—and being now seated, the carriage drove off, leaving Lewisham overwhelmed with disappointment and mortification at her cold and constrained behaviour. The following day, at five, he repaired to Cavendish-square—Lord Newark introduced him to his lady and son, with whom he was greatly pleased; and at night they separated with regret on all sides. Lord Newark gave our hero a general invitation, which he with renewed pleasure availed himself of every day. Lady Newark appeared to feel a growing attachment for him; and Mr. Mathuin spent every hour in his presence, which was not devoted to his studies.

About a fortnight after Lord Newark's arrival in town, he presented Lewisham with a lieutenant's commission, in a regiment ordered to prepare to re-
inforce

inforce the army in Holland; and, at the same time, he put into his hands a note for fifty pounds, which he desired him to make use of in his equipment. On Lewisham attempting to thank him, he replied, "To me, I assure you, no thanks are due—as I have had positive orders from your friend Miss Nugent, to supply you with every thing you may want in the line I should fix on for your pursuit; I only request you," continued his Lordship, smiling, "to be grateful for the lady's kindness;—and now," added he, having a little business, I hope I have your pardon for leaving you; yet, if you have no better engagement, Lady Newark is in her dressing-room, and will be happy to see you."—"It is impossible I can have a more pleasing engagement," replied Lewisham, "and I will avail myself of your Lordship's permission."—As he advanced to the door of the dressing-

dressing-room, he heard her ladyship in earnest conversation; a lady sat by her on a sofa; he hesitated a few moments, lest he might be deemed an intruder, and giving a gentle tap, he was desired to enter; he advanced a few steps towards the ladies, when suddenly stopping, and casting his eyes on Lady Newark's companion, he exclaimed, "How much am I indebted to chance for this fortunate rencontre; my dear Miss Walsingham, how happy I am to see you!"—"You have the pleasantest art at complimenting," said Lady Newark, smiling;"—"but, while you recognize Miss Walsingham, poor unfortunate I am intirely neglected—Pray, my young friend," continued she, turning to Clara, "how long have you been acquainted with Mr. Netterville?"—"My acquaintance with that lady," said Lewisham, "commenced through the charity of an angel!"—Clara sighed —"it

—"it has ended, I fear, through my own imprudence and folly; for you see, madam, that the lovely Miss Walsingham disclaims all knowledge of me:—she has refused me even the pleasure of her acquaintance."—"You know, madam," said Clara, as if wishing to turn the conversation, "that my present situation precludes the possibility, of my receiving any company"—"With a few exceptions, my dear," replied her ladyship—Clara blushed—"I should be extremely ungrateful, madam, if I was not happy at all times to receive Lord Newark's friends."—Lady Newark soon after leaving the apartment for a few moments, Lewisham eagerly seized the opportunity of making his excusation:—"Indeed, Mr. Netterville," returned Clara, "this matter is too trivial to demand so many apologies; if you please, we will dismiss the subject."—"Then say," cried he, pressing her hand to
1 his

his lips, "that I have your pardon; tell me that you are again my friend, and that I have not by my folly lost your esteem."—"I hope, Mr. Netterville," said Clara, "you are not conscious of deserving to lose it; believe me, I am not so unjust as to remember trifling offences; besides, I have no concern in your conduct."—"Ah!" cried Lewisham, "would to God that you had!—would to God that I could once more behold the gentle, charitable, Clara, who poured the oil of compassion into the bosom of a stranger!"—Clara smiled at his warmth, and extended her hand towards him, which he almost devoured with kisses:—"I fear," cried he, "to inquire into the cause of your change of raiment?"—"Alas!" answered she, "you have, I am sure, ere this, guessed it too well—but we will change the subject; it is too much for us both! I reside, at present,

sent, with a grandfather, who is too ill to admit visitors ; indeed, his health is in so precarious a state, that I scarcely ever leave him, but for an hour or two in the morning."—On Lady Newark's return, Clara took her leave, and Lewisham, after handing her into the carriage, was again returning to the house, when receiving a violent rap on his shoulder, he turned round and beheld Captain Latimer.

CHAP. X.

“ From her whom every heart must love,
“ And every eye with rapture see,
“ From her these hapless steps must rove,
“ Who blooms alas ! but not for me.”

“ **AH**, my friend !” cried Latimer, gaily—“ have I not warned you of my revengeful spirit; and yet you will play the gallant with my intended.”—“ And is Miss Walsingham,” exclaimed Lewisham, “ really the ward of Lord Newark ?”—“ Mighty well !” retorted Latimer smiling, “ and so you never heard her name before to-day ?”—Oh Latimer,” exclaimed Lewisham, “ this is no time for raillery; tell me, I conjure you,” his voice trembling from conflicting emotions, “ is Miss Walsingham the object of your choice ? is she the ward
of

of Lord Newark? and does she receive your addresses?" Latimer replied in the affirmative. "But my friend," continued he, "how is it, that I behold you so agitated? Can it be possible that you are acquainted with Clara?"—"I have long known and loved her," said Lawisham, "heaven knows how ardently, how sincerely I have loved her, to you I confide that, which has till now been concealed within the secret recesses of my soul, to your better fortune I resign her; and—but I will not, I cannot see her again—Alas! I can never behold her the wife of another—O my friend! may heaven shower its choicest blessings upon you both, you are rich and affluent, I am below her consideration—forget, despise, hate me.—So saying, he hastily caught Latimer's hand, and letting it go abruptly, quitted the room—Capt. Latimer stood

for some moments lost in astonishment at his strange conduct ; at first he determined to pursue and overtake our hero, then he resolved to go to his lodgings, and wait his return ; however, self-interest here interposed ; what could he say to alleviate his anguish, he could not resign Clara ; no, that was impossible—but he had no right to interpose between her and Lewisham ; had they not both a freedom of action, and was not the latter as likely to gain her affections as himself. Alas ! he feared more so, and love overcame friendship ; his heart, also told him, that perhaps he was indebted to Lord Newark for Miss Walsingham's favourable reception of himself, and having finally determined to let things quietly take their course, he returned home satisfied within himself, that a fortnight would bear his so much dreaded rival from the competition,

tion, as that time only remained of the leave of absence which had been granted him.

Lewisham returned to his solitary apartment, with a mind racked by doubt, vexation, and inquietude; he imagined he had now attained the climax of misery, for beyond the loss of Clara, what had misfortune to inflict? "A few months," cried he, "a very few months, and she will become the wife of Latimer, it will then be criminal to think of her; O Clara! how dreadful is it, thus suddenly to be awakened from those day dreams of felicity, in which I have so long indulged; how dreadful it is thus suddenly to lose every hope of happiness, to feel the heart the prey of desolation and despair, to feel myself precluded from the gentle sympathy I have so long cherished the hope of awakening in thy bosom; how have the short moments of hap-

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piness I have experienced in thy society, embittered my future prospects, and given me an acuter feeling of misery than any I have before experienced.— Alas! weak is resolution when warring against passion; an unpardonable vanity has misled my better judgment, has induced me to hope, when I ought to have despaired. Amiable Clara, kind generous Mrs. Walsingham, how did your liberal, and disinterested charity, teach my heart feelings it ought still to have been a stranger to, how did it teach me to forget the distance fortune had placed between us. But I will not repine, I will endeavour to bear my unhappy destiny without complaining; I will quit town to-morrow, and ere long, the sea will separate us—perhaps for ever!—

Lewisham appropriated that evening to business, he arranged every thing previous to his departure, and having packed

packed up as many necessary stores, as the shortness of time would admit, and placed his few remaining valuables, under the care of his landlady, to be delivered into the hands of Miss Nugent on her arrival in town; he sat down, and wrote that lady an account of his destination, and having poured forth freely the effusions of a sincere and lasting gratitude for her kindness and liberality, he consigned it likewise to the care of Mrs. Dixon, and then concluded the night in solitary wretchedness; in vain he attempted to read, his mind was too much occupied with disagreeable reflections to permit him to attend to his book, and he hastened to bed in the vain hope of losing his cares in forgetfulness. Night, however, brought with it no relief, a thousand painful and distressing images presented themselves before him, and harrowed up his feelings; at one moment he beheld Clara

in imagination, dispensing happiness to Latimer; he beheld her diffusing those smiles to another, he would himself have died to obtain; he imagined also, that he beheld her in the arms of his more fortunate rival, and his soul sickened at the sight; then again he viewed in idea the happy Latimer, in the exultation of felicity, revealing to her the despair, he had that morning been a witness of, and he fancied he beheld in her countenance, a mixture of pity at his misery, and anger at his presumption. Sleep was entirely precluded from his pillow, and as soon as the morning dawned he rose, determined to go to Lord Newark's as early as possible. The agitation of his mind, and his eagerness to have the visit over, made him think every moment an hour, and he awaited with the greatest impatience for the clock striking eleven, when he posted to Cavendish-square. Having gained

ed admittance, he proceeded with his accustomed familiarity into the breakfast-parlour, where an object presented itself to his view, which prevented his observing a thousand others had they been present also; this object was Clara Walsingham sitting on a sofa, to all appearance in an agony of sorrow, and Mr. Mathuen at her side, one of his arms was clasped round her waist, as if supporting her, the other held the hand of Clara, which he several times raised to his lips with rapture—"My dear Clara," cried he, without noticing the intrusion of our hero, "My dear Clara, if I had had the least idea, that this intelligence would have so agitated you, I would have died rather than have been the communicator; tell me, I beseech you," continued he, "have I your pardon?" and he flung himself on his knees, "will you not continue to love me?"—"My dear Mr. Mathuen,"

returned she, "doubt not my affection towards you, my love, my unalterable love is yours."—"And will you promise me," cried he, "that no other affection, no prior claim, shall deprive me of your regard—will not Latimer?"

Lewisham now advanced towards them, with a countenance as pale as death, while that of Clara was instantly suffused with crimson; she attempted in vain to recover her composure, while Mathuen rose hastily from his knees, and gathering up a number of papers which were scattered about the sofa, immediately quitted the room. As he approached the door, one of them accidentally fell from his hand, which Lewisham observed, and rose with an intention of presenting it to Clara, but as he stooped to pick it up, his eyes were involuntary attracted by the following words—"O Mathuen! Mathuen! what is life if I am condemned to be separated from thee!"

thee!"—The hand in which these words were written appeared familiar to him, and he immediately concluded it to be Clara's; he advanced towards her—her cheek was still wet with tears, he presented the paper, her hand trembled as she received it from him—"How unfortunate is poor Latimer," cried he attempting to conceal his agitation; Clara made no reply, but the blood mounted into her cheek with increased impetuosity. "Miss Walsingham," continued he, his voice scarcely audible, from contending emotions, "I leave town to-morrow to join my regiment; in a short time I shall quit England—perhaps to return no more! permit me, therefore, ere I leave you for ever, to express my sincere and fervent gratitude for your kindness and generosity towards me—permit me to wish your felicity may be as great, as perfect, as unchangeable as this frail state of mortality will permit!

O," added he, rising and walking about the room in great discomposure, "fatal was your pity—dangerous your allurements!"

Clara heard not the last sentence, yet she caught some part of his agitation. He again approached her, his voice softening as he anticipated the probability of beholding her no more, and taking her hand between both his, he pressed it fervently to his lips, and sighing deeply, exclaimed, "I had hoped that some few would have regretted my absence—would have been interested in my success—would have lamented my fall, had my unfortunate destiny—" "Good Heavens! Mr. Netterville," said Clara, now first raising her eyes, which were suffused with tears—"and do you not suppose that we are all interested in your welfare? Heaven knows I wish you every possible happiness, and hope you will soon return to spend
many

many days in the society of your friends.”
“ O, never, never !” cried Lewisham ;
“ your society has been the bane of my
felicity—it has blasted my peace of
mind for ever !” The countenance of
Clara changed during the conclusion of
this speech alternately from red to pale :
“ I have not, I think,” cried she, rather
indignantly, “ given you any reason,
Mr. Netterville, to insult me ; I have
not expressed any——” “ Hold, my
dear Miss Walsingham,” said he, seiz-
ing her hand : “ pardon, and believe
me, I meant not to reproach you when
I said it was your society which had
been the bane of my peace—no ! it was
your goodness, your gentleness, your
sweetness, the many amiable qualities
of your heart, the excellence of your
understanding—it was those thousand
nameless graces both of mind and per-
son, which taught my heart to feel and
admire ; happy had it been for me, could

I have stopped only at admiration—but alas! Clara, I loved you with an humble, fervent, disinterested affection, and had deluded my foolish heart with airy and vain hopes, which some information I yesterday received dissipated for ever! Captain Latimer——” The entrance of Lord Newark and Mathuen put an end to the conversation; when Lewisham, having signified the intention of his visit, and received many wishes of sincere friendship, hastily bade them adieu; and ere night arrived in safety at the place where his regiment waited for sailing orders.

“ I know not how it is,” said Lady Newark, as Lewisham quitted the room, “ but I am somehow or other strangely interested in the fate of this young man; there is such candour in his countenance, such nobleness of mind evinced in his conversation—and he is so strikingly like what your lordship
ship

ship was at his age, that I really think I should be deeply afflicted if any evil were to befall him." "It is a dangerous service," said Lord Newark, shaking his head—"I fear so." Clara shuddered. "But if he returns victorious," said Mr. Mathuen, "I verily think he will be tempted to cast his laurels at the feet of Miss Walsingham: I never saw such glances as those he threw on me, only for accidentally being tete-a-tete with her this morning."—Clara affected to smile, but a tear unconsciously stole down her cheek. "I think you promised me, my love," said Lady Newark, "that you would relate to me the manner in which you first became acquainted with this young man." "It was about six months since, madam," replied Clara, "that as my mother was returning from Bath, she accidentally saw Mr. Netterville seated on the side of the high road, the press for carriages

carriages to convey troops being so great as to deprive him of any other method than walking to K——, the place whither he was going. My mother took him into her carriage, and drove him to the inn at K——, where his father lay dead of a mortification occasioned by an overturn from a chaise. In the ride, my mother became so interested in his favour, that she requested to see him often during his stay; and an intimacy ensued, which ended with his departure for Northumberland."

"Pray, Miss Walsingham," said Lord Newark, "did you ever hear the name of old Mr. Netterville?" "Lewisham, my lord." "Then he was one of the worthiest characters that ever breathed, and a distant relation of yours, Lady Newark, for he was the son of old Campbell of Castle ——; I remember him well in India: his sad fate was generally lamented. But I thought the
only

only child he ever had was a daughter, Miss Nugent was an early and sincere friend to him; and Mrs. Nugent, poor thing! I wonder how she bore the intelligence of his death.—Miss Walsingham, will you favour me with half an hour's conversation in the library?"—Clara rose, and followed Lord Newark, in the expectation of she knew not what; she had been an attentive listener to the last part of his speech, and could not but expect, from his wish to speak to her alone, that he had something to add on the same subject.—Having closed the door, and led her to a seat, he began as follows: "My dear Miss Walsingham, that I acknowledge my claim on you as your guardian, is my pride; it is with pride also I behold in the daughter of Mrs. Walsingham so bright a pattern of female excellence; believe, also, that tho' I am in no haste to lose my office, yet I should be extremely

tremely glad to see you happily and prudently settled: this then is my present motive for addressing you;"—(The palpitation of Clara's heart increased at these words, and she fixed her eyes on the carpet, "in anxious expectation of what was to follow).—"My nephew, Mr. Latimer, is desirous of laying his person and fortune at your feet;"—(Clara felt herself disappointed) "and independent of his present good fortune and future expectancies, his connections, his person, and his character are well worthy of some consideration—he possesses an amiable temper and a generous heart." "Alas! my lord," interrupted Clara, "I can only say, that all the advantages you enumerate cannot by me be put in competition with the feelings of my own, and I am convinced that it can never beat in unison with that of Captain Latimer." "But, Clara," said his lordship, smiling at her

vehemence, "know you not that he is heir to my title and estate." "Titles, my lord, will not ensure happiness, and my own fortune will content me; I am humble in my wishes, moderate in my desires. But in your lordship's zeal for Mr. Latimer, you have forgotten Mr. Mathuen." "The misfortune of his birth will preclude my son from enjoying any part of my hereditary inheritance; and shall I tell you the truth, it would give me infinite satisfaction if I could restore to the daughter of Mrs. Walsingham that which misfortune deprived her family of. But give me leave, my dear, to hope that you will think of this conversation, and permit Latimer to try the effect of time and assiduity, which may perhaps yet interest you in his favour." "Believe me, my lord, I should be happy to comply with any request of yours; but in the present instance I cannot deceive
Captain

Captain Latimer with false hopes, for I am convinced my sentiments with respect to him cannot alter." "What am I to think, my love, from all this?" asked Lord Newark; "answer me candidly—have you any prior attachment—have you ever seen any man you prefer to Latimer?" Clara's face was covered with blushes; but attempting to laugh off her confusion, she answered, "I have, my lord—your lordship, Mr. Mathuen, almost every man of my acquaintance; believe me when I assure you, (that is, if I know any thing of my own heart) a union with such a man as Captain Latimer would render me miserable." "Then this is the answer I am to give him?" "No, my lord: be so kind as to return him my sincere thanks for his good opinion of me, and assure him, I should be happy to evince my gratitude, if it were in my power, by more than words—but I cannot deceive

ceive. Have I your lordship's permission to retire?" "Yes, if you feel no inclination to make me your confidant. Come, tell me, (taking her hand)—who is to be the happy man?" Clara's eyes again sought the carpet, and his lordship, looking earnestly at her a few moments, let her hand drop, and opening the door, wished her a good morning, "for it is most time, I see," said he, looking at his watch, "for me to attend the House."

Clara now called for her carriage, and young Mathuen hearing the door of the library open, hastily advanced to escort her to it. As the step was putting up he said, "I hope, my dear Miss Walsingham, you will soon recover the agitation your spirits have sustained. God bless you!—I will do myself the pleasure of calling on you in the afternoon."

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We shall proceed in the succeeding chapter to give the adventures of Mrs. and Miss Walsingham, from the time our hero quitted them at K——, to that in which he first saw the young lady in London.

CHAP. XI.

“Death came on a main,
 “And exercis’d below his iron rein;
 “Then upwards to the seat of life he goes,
 “Sense fled before him, what he touch’d he froze.”

THE letter of Netterville appeared to cast a gloom over the features both of Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter, which, in a few days, was dissipated, to give place to a tender remembrance of his many amiable qualities; a sigh of regret would insensibly steal from the bosom of the latter, as she remembered the many happy hours she had spent in his society, and retraced, in imagination, the warmth and energy of his manner, whenever he addressed himself

himself to her. She folded his note carefully, and placed it in her pocket-book unnoticed by her mother, and not unfrequently anticipated the hope it held out of days of happiness and pleasure, when they should meet again : in the simplicity of her heart she cherished every recollection of the past, and by frequent reflections and meditations on the same object a more tender and lasting degree of fondness sprung up in her bosom, which continued to strengthen as time insensibly stole away; and as her hopes of again seeing him evaporated, yet, whenever she reflected on this subject, she constantly perused his last legacy, and generally concluded in sorrow, being convinced misfortune alone would have prevented their hearing from him again; yet what those misfortunes might be to which he had often alluded in their frequent conversations, she was at a loss to divine; and,

and, of his future prospects in life, she was equally ignorant; for he had never, during their acquaintance, mentioned a single circumstance respecting his family.—Mrs. Walsingham, who had long laboured under a complication of disorders, now grew rapidly worse, and the whole of Clara's attention was directed towards her. It was on the evening of a cold day, towards the latter end of September, that as Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter were quietly seated at the supper-table, an express arrived, which called on the former to attend her father, who had received a violent paralytic stroke, and had intirely lost the use of his limbs. Mrs. Walsingham had been bred a Quaker; her renouncing that persuasion, and her subsequent marriage with Mr. Walsingham, a clergyman of the church of England, had caused a lasting breach between her and her father.

Mr.

—Mr. Nutcombe being reduced to a state of imbecility; an old servant, who had resided in the family before the birth of Mrs. Walsingham, now dispatched an express to her, as being the only proper person to take the command of her father's family. Zephaniah had loved Mrs. Walsingham from her childhood; and not being bigotted to any particular mode of faith, he rejoiced in an opportunity of restoring her to the possessions of her ancestors; and flattered himself, that if she was once more reinstated in her paternal mansion, his master's recovery would ensue, and a perfect reconciliation take place. Mrs. Walsingham's agitation was too great to be able to speak for some time; at length she exclaimed, "O my Clara! haste, and prepare yourself, not a moment is to be lost!"—"My beloved mother," cried Clara, "suffer me to go to my grandfather alone, and do not, in

in the present delicate state of your health, hazard so long a journey—do not, I beseech you, hazard a life a thousand times more precious than my own!”—“Alas, my child!” replied Mrs. Walsingham, “you know not what a relief it will be to my harassed mind, if I can only behold him once more—years,” continued she, clasping her hands—“long and cheerless years of misery, have I endured since this cruel father banished me his presence, and but for you, my love, I could never have survived it—God, however, has supported me—hasten, and prepare yourself, I would not for all the world delay a moment.” The space of two hours only elapsed, ere Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter were seated in a post-chaise, and pursuing their way to London, where Mr. Nutcombe had resided many years—the mind of Mrs. Walsingham was agitated with fears,

lest she should behold her father a lifeless corpse, while that of Clara was racked with a thousand terrors for the consequences which might attend travelling all night in the delicate state of her mother's health.

About noon, the following day, they stopped at the house of Mr. Nutcombe, and now both Clara and her mother dreaded to enquire if Mr. Nutcombe was yet alive—Clara, at length, demanded of the servant who opened the door, how his master did—"Alas!" cried the venerable Zephaniah, wiping away a tear, "he is the same as when I wrote to thy parent."—"O Zephaniah!" cried Mrs. Walsingham, flinging herself into the arms of this faithful domestic, will he not pardon, and acknowledge his daughter?"—"Alas! his understanding his gone," replied the old man, "he will never speak again, I greatly fear—come, my beloved

loved Mary, take some refreshment, thou shalt not see thy father until thou art a little composed."—He now led the way to an elegant parlour, where he had prepared a repast against their arrival, and soon after they adjourned to the chamber of the invalid—what a sight was there exhibited to the eye of affection!—Mr. Nutcombe lay, to all appearance, motionless—he had lost both the use of his limbs and his senses, and the grave appeared to offer a welcome relief to misery like his.—“ Oh,” exclaimed Mrs. Walsingham, “ Almighty Providence! this is thy dispensation, let me not repine;” and she sank on the ground, overcome by her emotions—Clara, and several of her attendants, hastened to her relief, but no beam of recollection appeared to awaken in the mind of Mr. Nutcombe; the bustle in his apartment was disregarded; no glance of delight

acknowledged the approach of his only child ; every ray of intellect had departed, and darkness, eternal darkness appeared to have shrouded alike the remembrance of pain and pleasure ; a filmy glassiness seemed to cover his distended eyes, which were fixed on vacancy ; and his distorted features bore but a faint resemblance of what he once was. Clara had her mother instantly put to bed, where she soon recovered her recollection ; but the effects of the shock she had received, together with the hurried journey, and the night air, hastened the progress of her distemper, and about a month after her arrival in town, she resigned her pure spirit to him who gave it ! Contrary to the expectations of every one, Mr. Nutcombe gradually mended, and Clara now became his chief nurse ; the remembrance of her mother instructed her to bear with his infirmities, and to find her own happiness

ness in endeavouring to relieve his pain.—“ O my mother!” cried she, mentally, “ would to God that you were present, how would you delight in beholding the exertions of your Clara; but I will flatter myself, that you are still an eye-witness of my conduct, and that you will watch over your daughter with angelic tenderness—yes! the thought of your presence will animate my mind to exertion and fortitude—will encourage me in every virtuous and noble effort!”—As soon as Mrs. Walsingham’s funeral was over, which at her request had been conducted by Zephaniah, Clara dispatched a messenger in search of Miss Nutcombe, a maiden sister of her grandfather’s, as she thought it prudent to place herself under the direction of some female relative, whose countenance might give a sanction to her appearance and conduct—having arranged every thing pre-

vious to her arrival, she awaited with no little anxiety for that time, which was to introduce her to her future companion.—“Zephaniah,” said she, “are you personally acquainted with my aunt, Gertrude?”—“Ah,” cried the old man, shaking his head, “deceive not thyself with vain expectations, she is altogether a follower of the pleasures which profit not—she is lighter than vanity itself; it was, I think, a fear in the mind of thy grandfather, lest thy mother should resemble her, which prevailed over the spirit of meekness, and converted him into a child of wrath.”—“Does he yet sleep, Zephaniah?” demanded Clara.—“Yes,” returned he, “and I am much deceived if he does not go off one of these days in a kind of a doze, and expire like the snuff of a candle—Ah, Clara Walsingham, Clara Walsingham, thou art young in the world—younger in sorrow; I have known

known thy family in days long past ; I have sorrowed for thy mother's disobedience ; I sorrowed more for her perversion to error !" — Clara took out her handkerchief, and walked towards the window, to conceal the emotion excited at his mention of her mother, when who can describe the feelings which took possession of her soul, as she beheld, in an apartment opposite, Lewisham Netterville ! with one arm tenderly enfolded round the waist of a very beautiful woman, and the other hand replacing a lock of hair which appeared to have strayed from its accustomed confinement ; for a few moments her eyes were rivetted to the spot, and in these few moments she saw what has been related, and was herself observed by our hero — Alas ! " cried she, tottering towards a seat, " it is not then misfortune which prevented our hearing of Netterville — he has long ceased to re-

member Clara Walsingham—he has long forgotten K——, its environs, and its inhabitants.—“Ah! would to God,” continued she, bursting into tears, “that I also could cease to remember them—then, indeed, and then only could I hope for felicity—Oh my mother—my more than mother! would to God that I could now reveal to you my folly—would to God that I could lay open my whole soul before you!”—My gentle reader, hast thou ever been in love? if thou hast, I shall make no apology for this relation of *feelings* and *sympathys*; if thou hast not, thou mayest probably learn experience from the errors of others.—Clara’s spirits were uncommonly depressed during the rest of the day; and, in her frequent lamentations for the loss of her mother, she ceased not to regret the defection of Lewisham; for her lover he certainly had been, although no profession of a tender

tender kind had escaped from his lips—but eyes are, in general, sad tell-tales; the eyes of Lewisham had frequently revealed unutterable things—and those of Clara easily comprehended their language.

Miss Nutcombe had lately entered into her sixty-fourth year; her person was tall, coarse, and disgusting; her manners were harsh and forbidding; the effect of which was not a little heightened by an awkward imitation of youth and beauty; her dress also was in the extreme of fashion, and in the gayest colours; when, as was the case at this period, not confined to black; she approached her niece with a measured step, and stretching out one hand, turned a cheek towards her, which was well covered with red and white.—Clara, who always acted from feeling, had hurried down to meet her with rapture; but finding her manner so repulsive, re-

treated a few paces as Miss Nutcombe advanced towards her.—“Why really, child,” cried the old lady, mistaking her confusion for bashfulness, “I wonder where you have been brought up, not to have spirit enough to approach a stranger. Come, you must get rid of this *mauvais honte*, its so vulgar.”—Clara now recollected herself, and again advanced towards her, “I am sorry, my dear madam,” replied she, wishing to conciliate her regard, “for my inattention, but I was really too much agitated at your entrance to know what I was about.”—“Ah, well, I dare say you are a well-meaning girl, and to tell you the truth, I do not wonder at your diffidence: I have been accustomed to inspire awe, for I had always a dignity in my air, a gracefulness in my carriage, a certain *je ne sçai quoi* which commanded respect.—Clara could scarcely refrain from smiling at Miss Gertrude’s
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idea of grace, but stifling her risible feelings, she requested her aunt to walk into another room, and take some refreshment.—“And how is the poor man?” asked Miss Nutcombe, after they were seated, “it is a sad attack for a person at his time of life.”—“Yes, indeed, madam,” replied Clara, and I fear he never can get over it—his age is much against him.”—“Pray Miss Walsingham,” laying down her knife and fork, and looking earnestly in her face, “how old do you take my brother to be?”—He will be seventy-eight, madam, I think Zephaniah told me, in a few days.”—“And do you call seventy-eight a great age, Miss Walsingham?—my God, seventy-eight!—well—I should not expect a person to die of age at seventy-eight—I know several healthy, strong, lively, agreeable young men, who are older than my brother; yet I cannot speak from

my own feelings, as he is full twenty years my senior.”—“ Will you not like a glass of wine, madam?” said Clara, wishing to turn the conversation—“ Why, child, I think young people should not make too free with those kind of things; for, if they do, what will support their old age? you, I suppose, scarcely ever taste any.”—“ Yes, madam, I generally take a couple of glasses every day after dinner.”—“ Surprising!” cried the lady—“ a child like you drink two glasses of wine!”—“ Really, Miss Walsingham,” said the *youthful* Gertrude, as they sat together in the chamber of the invalid, and as she observed her attention to her grandfather, “ my niece, your mother must have had strange ideas to suffer a young person of your expectations to officiate in the capacity of a common servant—let me perish if I think I could assist in making a bed if I were to die for it—

it—why you lift in the poor man as if he was nothing—you must really have the strength of a ploughman.”—“My grandfather is light both from age and long illness,” replied Clara, “and appears nothing between two active young people like Catharine and myself, and I really should feel hurt if any person could assist him better than I could, for I was the only attendant my dear mother had until her last illness.”—“Well, child,” said Miss Gertrude, struggling up her shoulders, “do as you please, I have no command over you!”—Miss Nutcombe now appeared quite in the humour to find faults, and after talking over most of the things about the sick man, and hinting how much better they would be arranged had she had any command, she proceeded to comment on the dress of our heroine.—“Why really, madam,” now dropping the appellation of child, “your

"your dress is as plain, ordinary, and vulgar, as if you had not a thousand pounds in the world; I declare I verily think, if you live long with my brother, you will become quite a thee and thou. I never could bear your precise ones; and as soon as ever my father died, I quitted the friends for ever—Heaven help them with their gothic notions!—but your mother," continued she, "was not quite so praiseworthy; I may credit report."—"My mother," madam," interrupted Clara, "was an ornament to her sex, and in every respect what she ought to have been."—"Then there was no foundation," retorted the lady, "in the story of her living with Lord Newark?"—Clara was struck dumb; for she had frequently wondered why the last command of her mother had been to submit herself entirely to the guidance of his lordship.—"Good Heavens!" cried she, recovering herself,

herself, "what a vile falsehood—no, madam, I will venture to affirm, that both the mind and person of my angelic mother were alike pure, and nothing but the basest malevolence would dare to think otherwise;" and now finding her longer stay with the invalid unnecessary at present, from his having fallen asleep, she hastened to her own chamber, and sitting down on the foot of the bed, burst into a violent flood of tears—"And this, then," cried she, "this is the companion I have selected for myself—this is the person whom I have chosen to advise, and direct my conduct—whom I have appointed to take that place once appropriated to my honoured mother—alas! I can never find either pleasure or consolation from Miss Nutcombe—And what am I to think of her insinuations against my lamented parent? I will rest satisfied," added she, "until time shall develope
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the mystery, convinced that such a woman well knew to whom she confided her only child."—Just as she had come to this determination, a servant entered, and presented her the following letter :

TO MISS WALSINGHAM.

" My dear Ward,

" ALTHOUGH not personally acquainted with you, permit me to condole with you on an event which can scarcely have caused you more affliction than it has given to all my family. We knew the character we lament ; and believe me, my dear Miss Walsingham, nothing but the illness of Lady Newark should prevent my hastening in person to prove myself honoured by the precious charge committed to my care.— Captain Latimer, my nephew, will be happy to receive any commands you may honour him with until the time of
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my return; at which period, if your grandfather will permit it, Lady Newark hopes you will consider Cavendish-square as your residence—but your own wishes shall decide on this point. Believe me I remain, with the utmost respect,

“Your faithful and obliged

“NEWARK.”

Clara returned a polite note, requesting a few days consideration, and that she would then take the liberty of mentioning some affairs to Captain Latimer, in which she should like to have his directions, if he would favour her with his address. The servant returned with that gentleman's compliments, and he hoped Miss Walsingham would allow him the favour of waiting on her the next day. Clara complied with this request—and Latimer having once gained

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an introduction to her, a day seldom passed without his spending some part of it in the house of Mr. Natcombe.—Miss Gertrude did not fail to remark the frequency of these visits, and, with the penetration usually attendant on old *maidism*, soon discovered Captain Latimer's motive for them; but was quite at a loss with regard to Clara's sentiments concerning him; however, having put the merits of the captain into competition with the expectations of her niece, she found the balance so nearly equal, that she doubted not but his fine person would greatly preponderate the scale in his favour. And now having taken it into her wise head that her niece was in love with the captain, she endeavoured to find some mode of rendering this new discovery a means whereby she might effectually exercise the art of tormenting—which was an art in which Miss Gertrude had been a

● proficient

proficient for many years; in consequence of this laudable resolve, as soon as possible after Latimer left the room, (having paid his diurnal visit) she began as follows:—"I would advise you, Miss Walsingham, to be circumspect in your conduct respecting that young man—he is as likely to be Lord Newark's son as his nephew, for any thing we know to the contrary; and now I think of it, this accounts for his likeness to your mother." "Good God! madam," cried Clara, lifting up her hands and eyes in astonishment, "what is it you mean to insinuate?" "It is well known, child," replied Miss Gertrude, "and you, I dare say, are acquainted with it, notwithstanding this affectation of innocence, that your mother had a son after the death of Mr. Walsingham, your father!" "How can you, madam," cried Clara, "credit the reports of a vile and scandalous world?—but I should

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should like to know whether many women have not been in the same situation? even supposing it were true, might she not have been pregnant at the time of my father's death?" "No, no, Miss Walsingham—but I say nothing—only advise you to be circumspect, for take my word for it, and you may be satisfied by enquiring, your mother (or the world wickedly belies her) lay in at —, in Scotland, exactly two years after the demise of Mr. Walsingham." "I will not, madam," exclaimed Clara, rising from her seat, her face flushed with anger, and her whole frame trembling from the same emotion, "I will not suffer the fame of my mother to be vilified in my presence—from this hour we meet no more, until you can condescend to apologize for your late cruel and improper conduct." So saying, she quitted the room, and ordering

ordering the carriage, hurried to the house of Lord Newark.

This happened some time after his lordship's return, and was the very morning when our hero surprised her in tears, seated on the sofa with young Mathuen. Lord Newark had, contrary to her expectation, instead of clearing up the circumstances of his intercourse with her mother, rather enveloped it in greater mystery; while his son had made a confession which almost exceeded her belief, and which harrassed her mind with a thousand racking doubts, fears, and anxieties, for she thought it almost impossible it could be cleared up to her satisfaction. The subsequent scene which occurred between herself and Lewisham, for the present turned the channel of her thoughts, and entirely precluded all unpleasant retrospection. While she felt herself depressed at the thoughts of his quitting England,

England, and exposing himself to the dangers of the ocean, the damps of a strange climate, and the horrors of war—her heart secretly exulted in the confession which had that morning escaped his lips; sometimes she blamed her own prudish reserve, which had suffered him to remain in an error concerning Latimer; then, again, she applauded her own self-denial, and rejoiced that he was yet ignorant of her sentiments in his favour.

Mr. Mathuen soon after called, and resolved to convince her aunt that she had been in earnest in her threat of the morning. She requested he might be shewn into the dining-parlour, and hasted down to receive him; he remained with her only a short time, and he had no sooner quitted the house than his cousin Latimer entered, and desired her to give him an audience only for five minutes. “Ah! my dear Miss Walsingham,” cried he, “am I really
to

to believe the information of my uncle? do you absolutely discard me?" "Captain Latimer," said Clara, "I will be very candid with you—I am really sorry for the honour you have conferred upon me, I feel myself infinitely indebted to you for the many attentions I have received from you, and I wish it were in my power to make you any return."—"O, Clara!" said he, taking her hand, "it is in your power to return it—one smile of yours will repay an age of misery—"

"Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
"Not balmy health to labourers spent with pain,
"Not showers to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
"Is half so charming as thy sight to me!"

"Captain Latimer," said Clara, withdrawing her hand, "be reasonable for once—do you think I should bestow on you any favour were I to give you my hand alone?"—"But I will both have

have your hand and heart," cried he, "if tears, if prayers can woo you to be mine—if the humblest adoration, the fondest love, can hope to gain your heart, it shall be mine."—"Our characters," returned Clara, "are by no means suited to each other; our tempers are opposite, our opinions differ in many essential points."—"But you know," replied Latimer, "that a modern author, thinks contrast the strongest possible reason for affection."—"But as I am not of his opinion," said Clara, smiling, "and should not like to hazard my happiness, upon the speculation of a visionary, you will give me leave to think for myself."—"O Clara, Clara!" exclaimed Latimer, "will you not suffer me to try the effects of time and assiduity?"

"I will not deceive you," replied she, "I will, from the opinion I entertain for you, and the confidence I have

in your honour, reveal to you my situation, if ever I marry, my affections are irrevocably engaged."—"Miss Walsingham," cried Latimer, looking at her with astonishment, "how I honour, and applaud your candour, even though it renders me miserable; may heaven shower its choicest blessings upon you, and may you be happy, as happy as you deserve to be; and laying his hand on his breast, he exclaimed—

"To him whom heaven has form'd thy mate,

"Thus all thy beauties I resign;

"He boasts, alas! a happier fate,

"But not a purer flame than mine!"

Clara smiled, and shook her head—"you cannot" said she, "forget your old trick of rallying."—"But my heart is ill at ease; notwithstanding, Clara, I have one favour yet to ask, and *that* I hope you will not deny me."—"Any thing that is in my power to grant,"

returned Clara, "to oblige you."—

"Ah! you are too good, and I fear—

"So sweetly she bade me farewell,

"Methought that she bade me return."—

But you will, charming Miss Walsingham, promise me the continuation of your esteem, and permit me the honour of ranking myself among the number of your friends."—"Undoubtedly," said she, "I will, and believe me, I shall at all times be proud of the honour conferred upon me—I wish you a good morning."—"Bon jour," said he, pressing her hand to his lips, "ma belle amie! adieu!" And he hurried out of the room before she had time to make any reply.—The remainder of the day passed in a stupid *tete-a-tete* with Miss Gertrude, that lady having condescended to make an apology, and thus harmony was once more restored to Mr. Nutcombe's family. Miss Gertrude
thinking

thinking it wiser to continue on good terms with our heroine, now became servilely officious ; and Clara, wishing to conciliate her favour, received her civilities with complacency.

CHAP. XII.

“Fluttering in my breast I feel,
“Something wake a troubled glow,
“Which I would, but can’t reveal,
“’Tis not love, ah no, ah no!

IMMEDIATELY after he quitted the presence of Miss Walsingham, Captain Latimer went in search of our hero, whom he now considered as a fellow-sufferer; but was excessively mortified to find, on enquiry at his lodgings, that he had already left town with the intention of joining his regiment at the Downs; he soon, however, came to the resolution of following him, as he was in hopes they should, by a mutual confidence, be enabled to dissipate the chagrin

grin which each equally experienced on their recent disappointment; he ordered a post-chaise and four, and flinging himself into it, travelled all night; and before the sun had risen, presented himself at the bedside of Lewisham, who had taken up his night's lodging at Margate, and was astonished at his appearance — "For God's sake, Latimer, where do you come from? and what has caused this sudden and strange whim?" — "The same powerful cause, my friend," said Latimer, archly, "I fancy, which countermanded your leave of absence; for it is nothing less than a positive refusal from Miss Walsingham which has brought me here, with the intention of becoming a volunteer on this expedition." — Lewisham now opened his eyes wide with astonishment, a sensation of pleasure appeared to flutter at his heart, and his countenance suddenly brightened, which Latimer perceiving,

— "I am now
and give consolation;
now, we are both equally
the lovely Clara told me
her affections were irrevocably
engaged." — "O I know it, I
well," replied Lewisham, "and
but the assurance I had received
from you, that she favoured your
addresses could have so long blinded
my eyes." He now recounted to Latimer the scene he had witnessed the
morning of his departure in Cavendish-square, and the conversation he had
overheard between Clara and Mr. Mathuen." — "Ah!" exclaimed Latimer,
"many circumstances convince me you
are right in your conjectures; come, my
dear boy, rise, I have many things to
hear, much to communicate, we will
no longer have any secrets from each
other."

Lewisham

Wisham obeyed him with alacrity, though he had not closed his eyes the whole night, and they soon strolled out to enjoy their conversation at leisure by the water-side. The morning was stormy, and showers of rain fell at intervals, but they were too much occupied with their subject to attend to outward circumstances, until their recollection was awakened, by the strange appearance of two ladies who walked to and fro, and passed them several times without noticing their presence, so deeply did they seem to be engaged in conversation ; the youngest of them was uncommonly beautiful, and could scarcely be more than sixteen years of age ; their dress was genteel ; and, by the gestures of the elder lady, they seemed to be debating some very momentous topic ; for she several times stopped and laid her hand forcibly on the arm of her young companion ; politeness forbade curi-

continued as follows ;—“ I am now come to demand, and give consolation ; for, my dear fellow, we are both equally unfortunate, as the lovely Clara told me herself, that her affections were irrevocably engaged.” —“ O I know it, I know it well,” replied Lewisham, “ and nothing but the assurance I had received from you, that she favoured your addresses could have so long blinded my eyes.” He now recounted to Latimer the scene he had witnessed the morning of his departure in Cavendish-square, and the conversation he had overheard between Clara and Mr. Mathuen.” —“ Ah !” exclaimed Latimer, “ many circumstances convince me you are right in your conjectures ; come, my dear boy, rise, I have many things to hear, much to communicate, we will no longer have any secrets from each other.”

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sity on the part of the gentlemen, and they retired to the other end of the walk; as the ladies again came near them, the youngest eyed them with a look of earnest enquiry—"She is devilishly handsome," cried Latimer—"She is, indeed," replied Lewisham, "she appears also very young."—"Yes," said Latimer, "and young as beautiful, and soft as young, and gay as soft, and innocent as gay, and happy (if aught happy here) as good."—"I fear you are not yet cured, my friend," said Lewisham, smiling, "of your propensity to fall in love; so, lest you should suffer by your temerity, we had better return home."—"I will have one more look, however," said Latimer, "and now I am ready to attend you, my grave Mentor."—Just as they reached an angle which shut them out from a view of the beach, a violent scream awakened their attention; and on returning to the walk, the ladies
had

had intirely disappeared; they hastened to the side of the water, and there beheld them both struggling in vain with the tide; not an instant was now to be lost, and both gentlemen plunged into the water; Latimer being an excellent swimmer, soon returned with the youngest lady, but the surge had driven the body of the eldest quite out of the reach of our hero, who with great difficulty stemmed the torrent, and gained the shore in safety. By this time a number of people had collected round the beach, and from one of these they discovered the habitation of the rescued fair, and contrived to convey her to it; the rest of the spectators being wholly intent on the charitable efforts of some fishermen, who were putting off in a boat to attempt the preservation of the other lady. Miss Darlington (for so the young lady was called) was soon restored to her senses, but her strength

was too much exhausted to permit her to speak, and the gentlemen now left her to the care of her landlady, who appeared to be a good motherly kind of woman, promising to call again on the following day—from thence they proceeded to their hotel to procure a change of raiment. This adventure afforded them much subject for conversation, as they were not a little interested by the youth, and apparent innocence of the fair stranger. As soon as they had taken some refreshment, they returned again to the beach, where they learnt to their inexpressible regret the ill success of the mariners, who now informed them there was not even a probability of the body's being on shore until the return of the tide, and perhaps not until after the next full-moon. Having recommended the men again, and again, to be diligent in their search, and promising

missing to reward their exertions, our friends returned home.

Miss Darlington no sooner recovered her recollection, than she burst into a violent flood of tears: "O my dear Mrs. Collins," cried she, to the person with whom she lived, "tell me, have they yet saved my mother?"—"My dear child," said the old lady, taking her hand, "you must submit yourself to the will of Providence, for you will never, I fear, see her again."—"O God!" exclaimed she, "she is drowned—I feel, I know she is drowned—let me" and she attempted to rise, "behold her even in death—I will see her once more."—"You will never see her again, my child, for the body could not be saved, and it may not be washed on shore for months, perhaps it will be then cast on the opposite side."—"O my mother," exclaimed she, "it was that cruel, that barbarous, that vil-

lacious letter which made you miserable, which unhinged your faculties—O, I shall never see you more, my dear, my kind, my good mother, I shall never see you again!”—She now wrung her hands, and burst into a fresh agony of passion, until at length her strength was exhausted, and she again sunk into a state of insensibility; she now fell from one fit to another, and Mrs. Collins was obliged to procure a physician, who having ordered her a composing draught, and recommended her to be kept extremely quiet, left her to the care of her benevolent hostess.

For several days Miss Darlington continued too ill to receive visitors, in consequence of which the two gentlemen were constantly refused admittance, but her health gradually mending, Mrs. Collins represented to her the necessity of thanking the Gentlemen for their attention; and after much persuasion she consented to see them, the

next time they should call. The following day they were accordingly shown up stairs, into a small but neat dining-room ; Miss Darlington was seated on a sofa, from which she rose at their entrance, blushed—made a low curtesy, seated herself, rose again, and at once losing her self-command, burst into an agony of sorrow—"O, why did you preserve me," cried she, "why was I not permitted to perish with my dear, kind mother?—O, I shall never see you more, you will never more press your Blanche to your maternal bosom ! O, my kind, my good, my excellent mother !" Lewisham attempted to console her, Latimer walked to the window, he was visibly affected—"I am very ungrateful," continued she, addressing herself to Lewisham, "I ought to thank you for your goodness to me—I ought to bless you for my preservation, but God will bless you for me, I am
unable ;

unable—O, I had one friend who would have thanked you ; but language is too weak to describe her—she is gone for ever !”

“ It was not I who preserved you,” said Lewisham, “ it was that gentleman,”—“ You were too good,” cried she, walking up to Captain Latimer, and looking earnestly in his face ; “ I thank you ; God will bless you for it—O, how my mother would have thanked you, had she been alive !”—“ You must strive to forget her, my dear Miss Darlington,” said Latimer, in a compassionate tone, “ for violets cropp’d, the sweetest showers can ne’er make grow again.”—“ That is indeed true, “ said she ; “ but I can never forget her : every thing I see reminds me of her.—Yes, it was that fatal morning”—stopping as if to recollect herself—“ that I first beheld you—O, you know not my feelings—my heart is oppressed—my mind
is

is too much appalled to feel the greatness of its loss—my head appears stupid—but I thank you from my heart; it is not an ungrateful one.”—“ Miss Darlington,” said Latimer, wishing to divert the present channel of her thoughts,” excuse my freedom, and believe me, I am truly interested for your welfare ;—have you no relative whose presence, at this crisis, would be useful and pleasant to you.”—“ I have but one relative that I know of in the world,” returned she ; “ him, I hope, God will preserve me from ; I have no one friend, except poor Mrs. Collins, and she is unable to befriend me—what I am to do with myself, which way I am to turn, God in heaven only knows.” “ I am able and willing to prove your friend,” replied Latimer ; “ I will ever be a most disinterested one ; on the word of a man of honour, and a gentleman, I am not actuated by any selfish
or

or weak curiosity, when I request you will, if you have no particular reason to the contrary, reveal to us the circumstances of your most distressing situation; (my friend is a man of integrity and feeling) we will, if possible, endeavour to render it more pleasant; but, without your permission, the secret shall never be divulged."—"You are both very good," said she; then casting her fine eyes on the face of Latimer, with a glance of suspicion, she exclaimed—"Do not deceive me; I rely on your word—your honour; I see you pity me; and I will, if possible, one day, reveal to you my sad story—but not now; I cannot to-day—I cannot recollect it; my head is confused—my heart is sick—do not think meanly of me, because I have no friends, for I am not wicked—I am unfortunate, not criminal!"

The gentlemen soon after departed,
having

having requested her to keep up her spirits, and take care of her health. They were now more than ever interested in her favour. Her person was light and airy, her figure graceful, her complexion fair, her eyes dark, and her mouth and teeth remarkably beautiful; there was also something very attractive in the innocence and simplicity of her manner, and her voice had that melody of expression, which in general attaches to the natives of Italy; at times, also, her words appeared tinged with many of those singularities of expression so peculiar to the inhabitants of other countries, when conversing in the English language; and the gentlemen could not help imagining that she was a foreigner.

They had scarcely walked a hundred yards from the house, ere they were overtaken by a fisherman, who came to inform them that a body had been washed

washed on shore, which appeared to answer the description given of Mrs. Darlington. It was near a mile from the town, and they walked with the man to the spot: there was no difficulty in ascertaining the identity of the body, as, though the features were much defaced and mangled, they both remembered her dress; having particularly noticed her from the singular circumstance of her walking at so early an hour in the morning. They agreed to keep this circumstance from the knowledge of Blanche, for the present; and having seen the body deposited in a place of safety, until the arrival of the Coroner, they returned to Margate, to give the necessary orders respecting the funeral, the expences of which Latimer insisted on defraying wholly. No suspicions having been awakened—except in the minds of our friends, the verdict was “Accidental Death;” and the

the following day the body was interred in ——— church, a few miles distant from Margate, and the nearest church to the spot where it was cast on shore. Lewisham and Latimer attended as mourners.—For two days they had purposely refrained from calling at Mrs. Collins's, contenting themselves with sending a card of enquiry ; but all fear of Miss Darlington's seeing the corpse of her mother being now over, they determined themselves to break the intelligence to her ; and went out immediately after breakfast for this purpose ; but Lewisham had scarcely gone twenty paces, ere he was accosted by a brother officer, and he requested his friend to excuse his attendance that morning, and to proceed alone.

From this day Latimer visited Miss Darlington constantly, and spent many hours in her society ; in short, our hero began to think, that the affection he had felt

felt for Clara Walsingham, was transferred to Blanche Darlington—and this was really the case:—Latimer loved her with ardour and enthusiasm; he fancied he was beloved again;—yet he could not resolve to marry her; he knew not, as yet, even who she was, and dreaded all explanation on that subject; lest it should not turn out to his satisfaction. Sometimes he almost determined to propose to her a settlement as his mistress;—then his own promise, voluntarily given, ever to prove her most sincere and disinterested friend, rose in his mind, and he would resolve to see her no more. As yet, he had never revealed his passion to her; and her simplicity interpreted all his attentions to benevolent-motives; and she would often cover him with confusion, while she artlessly expressed her gratitude.—How different were the sentiments and feelings of Lewisham: every hour, as it
stole

stole over his head, augmented his regard for Clara—every incident which had come within his knowledge, confirmed his opinion of her goodness of heart and sweetness of temper; and he could not cease to regret, that he had lost every hope of obtaining her favour. He beheld the attractions of Blanche with eyes of admiration—with just that kind of admiration which a painter would bestow on a beautiful picture—indeed, there was little or no comparison between the two ladies:—the one had been polished by education; the other was the simple uninformed child of Nature; little improved by art; open, ingenuous, and unsuspecting. “Happy, happy Mathuen!” cried he, “thou wilt possess virtue, beauty, goodness—may your days be crowned with felicity and the purest delight!—O Clara, Clara—why did I ever know you?”

When our hero next called at Mrs.
Collins's,

Collins's, Miss Darlington put into his hand a small manuscript, desiring him to peruse it at his leisure, and to give her his advice how to conduct herself in future. "It was a hard task," cried she, "that I had assigned myself; alas! I feared I should never have completed it; I feared also that I should lose your esteem; but I know you better; I feel that you will acknowledge my claim on your sympathy, and I cease to fear the loss of your regard."—"You cannot lose my esteem," said Lewisham, "for I am certain you will never deserve to lose it; and as for my compassion, I hope you will not long stand in need of it.—When did you last see my friend?"—"Oh, he was here just now," said she, "but he is not at all like you; he is so impetuous, so passionate, so odd, and then he looks at me in such a strange manner, that I know not how it is, but he makes my blood all mount up into
my

my face, and then I am just ready to die ; I am sure I have every reason to like him ; and I do like him, but I am afraid of him ; and I dare not talk to him with the freedom I use towards you. He often quarrels with me for concealing my sentiments from him ; when it is he himself who causes my distance.”—“ Blanche,” said Lewisham, approaching her, and taking her hand, “ do you consider me your friend ? ”—“ Heaven knows I do ! ” cried she ;—“ my most sincere and valuable friend ! ”—“ And will you promise to follow my advice, in one respect ? ”—“ Yes, that I will,” returned she ; “ for I am sure you will never advise me to do wrong.” “ Well, then,” said Lewisham, “ I conjure you to stand upon your guard, and not in the smallest instance try to overcome that sweet diffidence which renders you timid, and suspicious of Latimer. If he complains of your reserve,
tell

tell him that I requested you to conduct yourself in that manner towards him.” —“ And will he not be angry with you? However, I will do as you desire me.” —“ I have one question more to ask, dear, ingenuous Miss Darlington, yet I fear you will think me impertinent; it is, believe me, the interest which I take in your happiness which makes me so.” —“ O, I shall never think you impertinent,” said Blanche, “ after the obligations I owe you—tell me what it is you want to know, and I will answer you without reserve?” —“ What, then, is your opinion of my friend?” Blanche coloured, hesitated, cast her eyes on the ground—“ I think, I think him very amiable—I would die to render him happy—I wish to return my obligations to him, but that is impossible.—I feel,” continued she, laying her hand on her heart, “ a regret in his absence; when he is present I am too much

much fluttered to speak, and I should die with confusion were he to enter into such a conversation with me as you have; yet I can tell *you* without reserve, that I feel the same gratitude towards you; that I would do any thing to render you happy; and I am conscious that you would never take any improper advantage of my confession; I feel, and know that you are my friend—I am afraid of Captain Latimer."

Lewisham quitted Miss Darlington in no little anxiety of mind, as he feared Latimer pursued her with dishonourable intentions—her simplicity of heart had, he doubted not, long since revealed to that gentleman her sentiments concerning him; and his only hope was, that they might not come to an explanation until he could adopt some method of placing Blanche beyond his reach; at one moment he determined to write to Miss Nugent; then he con-

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sidered the length of time which might elapse, ere that lady arrived in London ; and that, probably, before that period, he should himself have quitted England, and left the unprotected Blanche to all the dangers and blandishments of a beloved object, with little to protect her, except the natural purity and innocence of her own heart, and the simple and unadulterated feelings of nature, which, far from standing on the defensive, might, in the present instance, be by Latimer successfully turned against herself.

CHAP. XIII.

" Ah ! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
" And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice."

LEWISHAM next thought of writing to Clara, and recommending Miss Darlington to her protection, and he knew, the goodness of his intention would to her plead his excuse for taking such a liberty ; but, besides that, he feared this step might not meet with the approbation of Lord Newark ; his soul shrunk from the idea of writing to Miss Walsingham, for in what language could he address one, who had been ever, and still continued the object of his fondest love, and who in a short time he expected to behold the wife of

another—"No, I cannot, I dare not, address myself to her;" cried he, "I can scarcely think of her with composure; oh, how my heart palpitates at the recollection of her numerous virtues!" After much consideration, he determined first to peruse the manuscript which Miss Darlington had given him, in which he hoped to find some clue by which he might guide that unfortunate young woman out of her present difficulties, and be able to place her in such a situation of permanent security, as intirely to impede all the dishonourable designs of Captain Latimer. He now took the papers out of his pocket, and began as follows:—

THE NARRATIVE OF BLANCHE
DARLINGTON.

"I AM afraid this story will be very uninteresting to you, Mr. Netterville,
and

and what is more, I fear it will be very defectively written; but this, I hope, your goodness will pardon, on consideration of having yourself demanded my confidence, and requested me to reveal to you the history of my past life.—I shall begin with informing you that my mother was the daughter of a Florentine nobleman, whose family being large, induced him to place three daughters in a convent, where at a proper period, it was designed that they should take the veil.—They were all handsome in their persons, and accomplished in those ornamental qualifications, in which young people of their rank are usually instructed; they were also lively and good-humoured. During a casual visit which they made to their family, my aunt Violante, who was the youngest of the three sisters, happened to attract the attention of a French marquis, who was on an intimate footing with her father,

father; he offered to take her without a portion; and she consenting to accept him, her father made no objection to the alliance, and they were all suffered to remain in——until the conclusion of the ceremony.

I well recollect the conversation which took place between the sisters, the day previous to my aunt's marriage, and which my mother has frequently repeated to me—"I wonder Violante," said my mother, "how you can sacrifice your youth, to that ugly old marquis; I vow, if I were you, I should mistake him for my grandfather, and fall down and ask his blessing"—"Why, to tell you the truth," replied she, "I am sometimes a little afraid of his grim looks, but it is better to marry any one, than to be shut up in that horrid convent for life, without a soul to speak to, except a parcel of cunning hypocrites, who wish, with all their hearts,

hearts, they could get out, and yet try all their arts to coax the unwary into the same snare—O Eleanor, my sister,” continued she, “would you not prefer liberty and an old marquis to slavery and a prison ; besides, he has promised to cover me with diamonds and jewels, (my aunt was at this period only fourteen years of age) and to give me as much money as ever I wished for—and he will do every thing I ask him.”—“Alas!” replied her sister, my aunt Eleanor, “these are, I fear, the promises of a lover, which the husband will not think himself bound to perform ; however, no matter—any thing, as you say, is better than a prison—I declare, I am sometimes almost tempted to ask one of the lacqueys to run away with me.”—“Which,” said my mother, smiling, “would be a very prudent step, my Eleanor, and one that would be very likely to succeed ; as I fear, few, if any

of them, would run the chance of the stiletto, for the sake of your ladyship's pretty person ; but I have as little inclination for a monastic life as you, and if my sister Violante would assist us, I think, I could devise a means to escape with her to France."—" O," cried Violante, " that will be delightful, depend on my assistance, only contrive the business, and depend on me for the execution of my part."—" Will you accede to the plan ?"—O most assuredly, any thing for dear liberty."—" You know," continued my mother, " that the day which unites my sister to the marquis, remands us to our prison, which is more than ten miles out of the city ; well, I will write to the Lady Abbess, and say, we shall not return for more than a week, on account of the illness of my sister Eleanor ; you, my Violante, must procure us some money, and the disguise of peasants, which must be left at
the

the first cottage beyond the convent, near the high road; we will then take our leave of our family, and Joseph shall, as usual, drive us to the long avenue of trees leading to the convent; and while, in his accustomed manner, he remains to watch our entrance into the gates, we must try to elude his observation, and steal round to the back wall, consequently he will depart, thinking us safely housed; and we will then hasten to the cottage, and put on our habits, and pursue the main road until we meet with some conveyance to the next town, where we will procure a guide and a couple of mules to convey us to Languedoc, at which place you shall furnish a cottage for our reception; and I dare say, we shall, some how or other contrive with the *Lady Marchioness'* assistance, to gain a livelihood."—"O its quite delightful!" said both sisters in a breath.—"If we could

but trust the old man," continued Violante,—“but no, we must not hazard it—if I should see you both well married, then our parents would easily pardon our innocent frolic, and I should be the better pleased with my own antique.”—“But remember, Violante,” said my mother, “I would much rather quietly verge on till I become an antique, as you call it, myself, than marry any old fellow in Christendom.—Come, my dear Eleanor, are you resolved, will you follow your leader?” “To the world’s end;” replied she, “so let us hasten and provide, we have much to do, and our time is short.”—I have heard my mother say, that she could scarcely refrain from smiling at the contrast between the youthful Violante and her reverend spouse, much less could Eleanor; she watched his very looks, and imitated the kind glances which he bestowed on his blooming

blooming bride ; on the contrary, Violante appeared quite pleased with the change in her situation, and looked with gratitude and pleasure towards the old marquis, as the author of all her happiness.—The ceremony being performed, Violante took leave of her family, and my mother and Eleanor, hastened to equip for their intended expedition. My aunt (who since her matrimonial engagement, had been permitted to act without restraint) had procured every necessary for the disguise of her sisters, and had it safely deposited in the cottage before mentioned ; the owners of the dwelling, they had long known and could depend on—and nothing now remained but fortitude to carry them through the intended separation from their parents.—“ Oh !” cried my mother, as the moment of their departure approached, “ I am almost tempted to remain at home, and suffer myself to be

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imprisoned

imprisoned alive ; I cannot, indeed, my dear Eleanor, I cannot quit my parents—who knows whether we shall ever behold them more—O, my sister ! let us throw ourselves at their feet, let us confess all ; they will not, they cannot persist in their cruel resolution !”—“ Alas ! Blanche,” said Eleanor, “ you know it is vain to hope any change in my father ; no, if you are resolved to ruin all, just as our plan is completed, do so ; but hope not to move the heart of our father—our fate is decided ;” continued she, “ and the discovery of our intended escape, will only hasten its completion.”—“ I am ready,” cried my mother, springing from her seat, “ let us go, we will not, my sister, lose an instant.”—Just at that moment, a distant relation of their father’s, who had long resided in the family, approached them, and by the oddness of her address, turned their sorrow into mirth—“ O mademoiselle !”

exclaimed she, "how much are you to be envied, how much is your fate to be preferred to that of your sister's, hers is a temporal cross, your felicity will be permanent and secure."—"I hope so, madam," replied my mother, "we will strive to render ourselves happy;" and she cast an arch glance towards her sister; Eleanor burst into a violent fit of laughter, and giving my mother a nod, began to play off the old lady in the following manner:—"I wonder, madam, you never became a nun, for by your so long remaining single, (she was nearly seventy years of age) I suppose you have no inclination towards matrimony?" "It is indeed true," returned the old lady, "I need not so long have remained single," and she bridled up her head, "but I looked too high, cousin; I looked too high—nothing under a title would go down with me; and God knows, every one has their troubles, but those who

who are single are the happiest, after all; my objection to becoming a nun, is the confining myself," added she, "to a single spot; but now I think of it, I will take a vow of celibacy this very night."—"Ah, do not, I beseech you, dear madam," cried Eleanor, "for you know if you remain in the world, how many temptations you may have to break your vow."—"I defy temptation," said the old lady, drawing her head still higher, "I defy temptation and the works of the wicked one!"—"The spirit, indeed, is willing," said Eleanor—"But I defy the weakness of the flesh and the temptations of the devil," rejoined madame—"O!" cried my aunt, with a voice and air most truly theatrical, "do not, I beseech you, form so rash a resolution, you know not how soon you may be tempted to break it."—"I am resolved, child, say no more, I am resolved, I defy
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all temptation :” and she walked to and fro the room, fanning herself violently, Eleanor followed her, and catching hold of her gown, exclaimed—“ O the poor count, since you are resolved, he has nothing to hope.”—“ What is that you say, child ?” asked the old lady, turning round as quick as lightening, but then suddenly recollecting herself, she added, “ I defy all temptation,” and she fanned herself yet more violently than before—“ Ah ! the poor count,” sighed Eleanor—“ What count ?” again asked the old lady—“ O madame !” said my aunt, “ the count of—the count of—but hark, Blanche, did you not hear my mother call ? come, let us go, we have no time to lose.”—“ What count ?” again repeated madame.—“ O my dear and venerable cousin !” exclaimed Eleanor, as she quitted the room, “ preserve your meritorious resolution—Heavens ! how I envy you, the charming interesting

ing count dying at your feet in vain, your whole mind, bent on heaven, looking down on the race of mankind and the vanity of life, devoting your youth, beauty, and numerous charms to a religious vow made in the enthusiasm of youthful ardour!—Oh! I envy you the sublimity of your feelings!”—and without giving either herself or her sister time to reflect, she hurried out of the room into that where their parents were waiting to take leave of them. “O, my dear mother!” cried Blanche, throwing herself into the arms of her parent, “God bless and preserve you!” “God for ever bless my children!” replied she. “God for ever bless my girls!” repeated their father—and they hurried out of the room, and were seated in the coach and out of sight in a moment.

“I declare,” cried Eleanor, as soon as they lost sight of the house, “if that
old

old woman with her folly had not given me an unusual flow of spirits, I verily think, with all my boasted resolution, I should have betrayed myself at last.”—
“ O, my sister !” said Blanche, “ God only knows what will become of us !”
“ The worst is over,” said Eleanor, “ keep up your spirits—it is now too late to retreat.” They were set down, as they expected, at the end of a long avenue of trees leading to the convent, and every thing succeeded to their wish—they gained the cottage, and changed their robes without suspicion, and under the protection of the cottager (whose name was Jacques) they reached the nearest town in safety, and the following day pursued their journey, and at length gained the chateau of the marquis in Languedoc, without meeting with any adventure worth recording, and almost before they were missed. They stopped at a small village about a
mile

mile from the chateau, and from thence walked to it, and enquired for the marchioness; they were shewn into a parlour, and Violante could scarcely refrain from expressing her joy at their arrival. Jacques now requested to know if she would have the goodness to speak in his favour to the marquis, as he wished to rent a small cottage and vineyard which he understood to be vacant; and pretending to be much taken with his appearance, she easily prevailed on her husband to let him have a cottage which she had just fitted up, under the pretence of making it a pretty object from the chateau. Jacques now returned to fetch his wife, and engaged himself to officiate in the capacity of vine-dresser and gardener, and Agnes was to perform the household work—and thus you behold my mother and aunt quietly settled in their new habitation. Violante spoke in raptures of
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the goodness of her lord, and declared, that were she again single, she would not hesitate a moment in bestowing herself upon him. "I assure you, my dear Eleanor," said she, "you wronged him much when you affirmed I depended on an empty promise, for his conduct is uniformly indulgent, tender, and obliging; ah! he has never yet denied me any thing which I have asked."—"Then do not, my dear sister," cried Blanche, "abuse his confidence—let us throw ourselves upon his mercy." "O, no," said she, "not yet, the time is not yet come."

The marquis kept a great deal of company, and Violante was generally admired, yet she conducted herself with such guarded propriety, that no one could find fault with any part of her conduct. My mother and Eleanor had not much of her society, but this gave a greater
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zest to their interviews when they could have an opportunity of meeting.

Two months had taken their flight, and the commencement of the third found them still delighted with their retirement—the spring was far advanced, and the country became every day more beautiful. The cottage was situated on a small eminence about a mile from the chateau, and was a pretty object from its windows; it was built in the Gothic style, and was overshadowed with lofty orange and pomegranate trees, while the vine and the jessamine together entwined their tendrils to clothe its front, and secure it from the scorching rays of the sun; it was ornamented within by the exquisite taste of the three sisters, and fitted up in a convenient but simple manner. Here then, excluded from all commerce but with the simple children of nature, did these two young women pass delightful days.

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of ease, security, and happiness, devoting their time to the improvement of their minds, and in perfecting themselves in every ornamental and valuable acquirement—the generosity of the marquis allowing free scope to the liberality of Violante; and so much had their change of dress disguised their persons, that the marquis had frequently visited them without making any discovery, notwithstanding he had heard from Florence of the unaccountable disappearance of his wife's two sisters. It was about this time that my mother and the fair Eleanor, having risen particularly early on one remarkable fine morning, and seated themselves under the shade of the orange and pomegranate trees on a small bench, with their work, that Eleanor began to sing the morning hymn to the Virgin, my mother joining occasionally, as the strain swelled in the breeze, and then pausing to let her sister

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ter continue alone—it was just at this moment, when their hearts were in perfect harmony with all the world, and in unison with the celestial strains which proceeded from their lips, that the sudden pause of Eleanor caused my mother to look up; and she beheld opposite to them two gentlemen, standing in mute wonder and admiration. “Heavens! marquis,” cried one of them, “I wonder not at your impatience to visit Languedoc—if such are the goddesses which dwell in its sylvan shades, who would ever encounter the smoke of Paris?”—“May I perish, Darlington,” said the other, “if I am not as much surprised as you at every thing I see: the lovely marchioness has metamorphosed every thing about the old chateau—and on my faith, if she were not my mother-in-law, I should be almost tempted to fall in love with her.” “She is really a divine creature!” answered
his

his friend : “ her youth and beauty are dangerous allurements—let us beware in time !” They now approached the sisters, and apologized for their intrusion, and intreated to be favoured with the continuation of the concert—but this they declined, and making a slight curtesy, retired into the house. The following conversation, which passed at the chateau during the time of dinner, was repeated to her sisters by Violante in the evening, to which was added a warning to conduct themselves with circumspection :—

“ Pray, my lord,” asked the young marquis, “ under whose auspices has the cottage of Jean Bois undergone such a metamorphosis—it is now a beautiful object from the chateau ?”—“ It was a design of the marchioness’s,” said his father ; “ and I assure you it is tenanted by two as pretty young creatures as you ever saw ; their father is a plain

plain vine-dresser, but the girls have had many advantages, and have quite the air of noblesse." " I bet you a thousand pounds, marquis," cried Darlington: " those were the two divinities we saw this morning. How I should like to transport one of them to my castle in Caledonia—I will make a paradise for her if she will condescend to become my Eve !" " Hold your nonsense, Darlington," said his friend ; " I am afraid, like our first parent, having once tasted the forbidden fruit, she would soon be driven out of it again ; think no more of the poor girls, I beseech you, but let them enjoy their cottage in security." He now turned the conversation—and Violante rejoiced in the probable effects which she prophesied was like to attend the attractions of one of her sisters—for, notwithstanding his pretended indifference, she discovered that the young marquis was more interested

interested in their favour than his friend.

The following morning the young marquis hastened to the cottage unknown to his friend, and presented himself before the sisters, who were seated together at the breakfast-table; he immediately disclosed to them the motive of his visit, and in the most unreserved manner offered himself and his fortune to the acceptance of my aunt; he told her he feared it was in vain to expect his father's consent to their union, but that he was ready to make her his wife in the presence of any persons whom she might chuse to witness the ceremony. Eleanor thanked him for his good opinion, professed her esteem for him—but refused to listen to his overtures, unless sanctioned by the approbation of the marquis.—He left her at length in despair.

Day after day did he repeat his visits, until she refused to receive them ; he then importuned her with letters, till at length Eleanor resolved to conclude the business at once by throwing herself and her sister at the feet of the marquis.—The three sisters presented themselves before the good old man, and implored his pardon of their innocent deception. He raised them from the ground, pressed them to his bosom—when Eleanor, overcome by his nobleness of soul, exclaimed, “ O, my lord marquis, do with me what you like !”—She then informed him of every thing which had passed between herself and his son, and concluded with declaring she was ready to submit herself intirely to his guidance, even if he commanded her to bid adieu to his son for ever. “ My dear child,” said the marquis, “ answer me candidly—do you love my son ?” Eleanor hesitated, and replied in the affirmative.

tive. "And shall I not," cried he, "render my boy happy in giving to his arms the sister of my Violante?"—He rose, and quitting the room, soon returned, leading the young marquis, who was astonished at the scene he was brought to witness, and looked round on all the company in vain for an explanation. The marquis enjoyed his confusion a few moments, and then exclaimed, "I ought, Hubert, to punish your disingenuousness towards me—but I now command you to receive that lady as your bride!" Hubert fell at the feet of his parent: "O, my father! pardon, I beseech you, the error of uncontrollable affection—look at that lady, let her plead my excuse." A general explanation now took place, and the evening concluded in universal harmony.

The marriage was soon after consummated, and my mother removed for

a short time to the house of the young marchioness, (reserving the cottage as a retreat whenever inclination should prompt her to quit the gaiety of Paris or the chateau). Here she was daily, hourly in the company of Darlington, whose graceful manners and polished arts could not fail to interest in his favour a young woman whose ignorance of life and tender age made her an easy and credulous victim. He now, whenever they were alone together, seized the opportunity of professing himself her lover, but guarded his conduct in the presence of the marquis and her sister with the most sedulous vigilance; Eleanor, however, could not fail to observe the alteration in her sister's spirits; and imputing it to the right cause, became uneasy—yet she also guarded the secret with equal care, lest any misunderstanding should arise between her husband and his friend. At this period

period Darlington pretended to receive letters from his father commanding his return to Great Britain ; and he bade adieu to my mother with tears, and vows of everlasting constancy and affection. . . Alas ! she believed him sincere, and soon after his departure returned to her cottage, to give loose to the sadness of her soul, under the affliction which his absence had occasioned. She found not in this peaceful retreat the happiness it was wont to bestow : the flowers were no longer cultivated by her hand—alas ! they were watered with her tears ! the landscape no longer retained its beauty—it was jaundiced by the unremitting melancholy which had taken possession of her soul ! Time stole away, and her heart secretly whispered that Darlington had forgotten her—when, as she was sitting pensive and dejected one evening, he suddenly pre-

sented himself before her—he threw himself at her feet, he repeated his vows of unalienable affection, he obtained from her a confession of love in return, and, under the pretext of his father's having threatened to disinherit him, if he united himself to a heretic, he prevailed on her to consent to a private marriage—and she became his wife the following day in the presence of Jacques and Agnes. He now promised that long before the period of their return to England, her family should be made acquainted with her marriage—and this quieted her scruples with regard to concealing it from her sisters.

Two months wore away, during which time Blanche was the happiest of women: she generally spent the days at the chateau, where her husband was apparently an accidental visitor, and her evenings were crowned and enlivened

enlivened by the constant smile which the countenance of Darlington displayed. At this period she became pregnant, and it was impossible for any length of time to conceal their marriage. The assiduity of Darlington increased with his wife's situation, until one night he rushed violently into the house, and commanded her instantly to prepare to quit France: "That cursed fool the marquis (cried he) is no more!" Blanche uttered a violent shriek, and fainted away. On her recovery, she demanded an explanation, and learnt that her husband and the young marquis had had a disagreement, and that the former had fallen by the hand of Darlington. "O, my sister, my beloved Eleanor!" cried she, "I am the cause of all your misery, I that would die to render you happy! and the generous marquis——" "D—n him!" cried Darlington,

Darlington, with much vehemence; and, striking his forehead, he exclaimed—
“ Yes, stay, Blanche, and console your Eleanor—but leave the wretched Darlington to the horrors of an untimely grave !”

Blanche now endeavoured to soothe him, and ere morning they had left the cottage, and proceeded many miles from its vicinity ; at the sea-side a vessel waited their arrival, in which they immediately embarked—and thus my mother entered Great Britain. She landed in this town more dead than alive, and the following day was delivered of a dead child, in consequence of fatigue and agitation of spirits. Her life was a long time despaired of, and the shock she had sustained was aggravated by the remembrance of the misery which she had caused her two sisters. Her frame thus emaciated by disease, her
mind

mind agitated by anxiety, the bloom faded from her cheek, her beauty was no more—and Darlington now beheld the wreck with indifference ; no longer able from weakness to attend to his whims, no longer able to study his gratification, no longer an object of attraction, because her person had lost its novelty, and the more sterling beauties of her mind were overlooked—he became disgusted with her society, and absented himself from her entirely. What could now console her sad heart—what could re-animate the faded cheek—what could revive the liquid lustre of the languid eye ? Alas ! nothing !—And with a small annuity, which was regularly paid her through the hands of an attorney, she contrived to support an existence of misery, still hoping a time might arrive when her ungrateful husband would again seek her society.

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For five years she stemmed the torrent of contumely which the world heaped upon her, and contented herself with the name of mistress to the man who was really her husband. Often and often has she wished herself in France with her two sisters—but how could she bear the presence of Eleanor, whose husband had been murdered by Darlington!—At the end of this time my father returned to her again—he confessed his errors, implored her forgiveness, and soon reinstated himself in her favour. Alas! it was only with the intention of again abusing her confidence, of rendering her the more completely miserable—for, about a month before my birth he again left her! and she never heard from him until about a month since, when he wrote to her by the attorney who remitted to her the annuity, and informed her that it would
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be discontinued for the future, and that he expected she would resign his daughter: that she was no longer to consider herself as his wife, as he had many years before united himself to a lady of his own country, and that his marriage with her had been by him made purposely informal and illegal, as he never intended to admit her to the rank of his wife, or that his child should be considered as his legitimate daughter. He further told her, he thought she had better return to her own country, as the young marquis still lived, and the fabrication of his death had been composed by him, only to render her a more easy prey to his artifices !

O, God ! who shall speak the sensations of my dear mother as she read this barbarous letter !—suffice it to say, that though her mind became from that moment unsettled, she positively refused to

part

part with her poor Blanche. Alas! you was an eye-witness of her despair!—How often am I tempted to curse the vile author of my being—but God will, I hope, still preserve me from such wickedness!—Mr. Netterville, I can scarce believe my senses!—God for ever bless and keep you, and reward you for your goodness and generosity to

“BLANCHE DARLINGTON.”

END OF VOL. I.

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